

O V I D ' s

METAMORPHOSES:

*TRANSLATED BY*

EMINENT PERSONS.

*PUBLISHED BY*

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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Of Bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

Metam.

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VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

*Anno 1794.*



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OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

GARTH,



CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

BOOK XIII.

BOOK.... XIV.    ||    BOOK..... XV.

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June 1894

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O V I D's  
METAMORPHOSES.  
BOOK XIII.

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TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

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THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES,

BY MR DRYDEN.

---

THE chiefs were set; the soldiers crown'd the field;  
To these the master of the sevenfold shield  
Upstart'd fierce: And, kindled with disdain;  
Eager to speak, unable to contain  
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around      5  
The shore, and Grecian gallies haul'd aground.  
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,  
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?  
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,  
In sight of what he durst not once defend?      10  
But basely fled that memorable day,  
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming  
prey.

*Volume IV.*

B

So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar,  
With words to flourish, than engage in war.  
By diff'rent methods we maintain our right, 15  
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.  
In bloody fields I labour to be great;  
His arms are a smooth tongue and soft deceit:  
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see,  
The sun and day are witnesses for me. 20  
Let him who fights unseen, relate his own,  
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.  
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,  
But such an abject rival makes it less;  
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain, 25  
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:  
Losing he wins, because his name will be  
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.  
Were my known valour question'd, yet my blood  
Without that plea would make my title good: 30  
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd  
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;  
And who before with Jason, sent from Greece,  
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece.  
Great Telamon from Æacus derives 35  
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives  
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son,  
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy  
Just Æacus, the king of gods above [stone.]  
Begot: Thus Ajax is the third from Jove. 40

Nor should I seek advantage from my line,  
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine :  
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim ;  
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name  
Upon our stock, and the Sisypian seed 45  
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed :  
Then must I lose these arms, because I came  
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name,  
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,  
While he long lurking was to war betray'd : 50  
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear ;  
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear :  
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare ;  
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.  
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest, 55  
And he who shunn'd all honours, gain the best :  
And let me stand excluded from my right,  
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in  
Better for us, at home had he remain'd, [fight.  
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd, 60  
Or so believ'd ; the less had been our shame,  
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the Gre-  
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd [cian name ;  
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,  
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans, 65  
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans :  
And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfil)  
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.

Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,  
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne 70  
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds, [wounds,  
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with  
To find him food and clothing, must employ  
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.  
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free, 75  
Because he left Ulysses' company :  
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid,  
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.  
The coward bore the man immortal spite,  
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight : 80  
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,  
Accus'd him first of treason to the state ;  
And then for proof produc'd the golden store,  
Himself had hidden in his tent before :  
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host, 85  
By exile one, and one by treason lost,  
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,  
A formidable man, but to his friends :  
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound,  
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found : 90  
But that he might without a rival reign,  
He left this faithful Nestor on the plain ;  
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,  
Who, tir'd and tardy with his wounded steed,  
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name ; 95  
But cowardice has neither cars nor shame :



Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,  
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd :  
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,  
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie, 100  
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who tho' his friend,  
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend ;  
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear ;  
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The gods with equal eyes on mortals look, 105  
He justly was forsaken, who forsook :  
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,  
Found ev'ry fellow such another friend :  
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear ;  
His elocution was increas'd by fear, 110  
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,  
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.  
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,  
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause :  
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe ; 115  
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below ;)  
And from impending fate the coward freed :  
Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed !  
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,  
First let him give me back his forfeit life : 120  
Let him return to that opprobrious field ;  
Again creep under my protecting shield :  
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,  
And let his quiv'ring heart confess his fear ;

There put him in the very jaws of fate; 125  
And let him plead his cause in that estate :  
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below  
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go;  
Good Heav'ns, how light he rose, with what a bound  
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound; 130  
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;  
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly !  
Hector came on, and brought the gods along;  
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble, and the strong :  
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread 135  
Th' approach, and ev'n the sound of Hector bred :  
Him, flush'd with slaughter, and with conquest  
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground; [crown'd,  
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,  
He challeng'd all our host to single fight; 140  
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;  
But for your champion I was wish'd alone :  
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;  
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.  
With Jove to friend, th' insulting Trojan came, 145  
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame.  
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,  
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword?  
Or was my breast expos'd alone to brave  
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save? 150  
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,  
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?

Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem  
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them :  
Or, I with them an equal honour share ; 155  
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.  
Will he compare my courage with his sleight ?  
As well he may compare the day with night.  
Night is indeed the province of his reign :  
Let all his dark exploits no more contain 160 }  
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain ;  
A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey : }  
But none of all these actions done by day : }  
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomedé away. }  
If on such petty merits you confer 165  
So vast a prize, let each his portion share ;  
Make a just dividend ; and if not all,  
The greater part to Diomedé will fall.  
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,  
Who naked, and by night invades his foes ? 170  
The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim  
The latent robber, and prevent his game :  
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright,  
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight ;  
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance ; 175  
Much less the left that ampler shield advance ;  
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with cost  
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.  
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,  
And look as for the gold he stole the shield ; 180

Which, should your error on the wretch bestow,  
It would not frighten, but allure the foe :  
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,  
And would but cumber, and retard his flight,  
In which his only excellence is plac'd ? 185  
You give him death, that intercepts his haste.  
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,  
Nor the least dent has suffer'd in the field,  
Guiltless of fight : mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd  
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord. 190  
What farther need of words our right to scan ?  
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.  
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,  
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes ;  
Then send us to redeem both arms, and shield, 195  
And let him wear, who wins 'em in the field.

He said : A murmur from a multitude,  
Or somewhat like a stifled shout ensu'd :  
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,  
Look'd down a while, and paus'd, ere he begun ;  
Then, to th' expecting audience, rais'd his look, 201  
And not without prepar'd attention spoke :  
Soft was his tone and sober was his face ;  
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,  
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir ; 206  
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,  
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd,

But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,  
Have ravish'd him away from you, and me, 210  
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,  
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew,)  
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,  
Than he, who gave Achilles to your host ?  
This only I request, that neither he 215  
May gain, by being what he seems to be,  
A stupid thing ; nor I may lose the prize,  
By having sense, which heaven to him denies :  
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd  
Was ever in the common cause employ'd : 220  
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,  
Which often has been us'd in your defence,  
And in my own, this only time be brought  
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.  
Make not a crime, where nature made it none ;  
For ev'ry man may freely use his own. 225  
The deeds of long descended ancestors  
Are but by grace of imputation ours,  
Theirs in effect ; but since he draws his line  
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine ; 230  
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,  
And am descended in the same degree :  
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,  
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter :  
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known 235  
In all my line : Let him excuse his own.

Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,  
By both my parents to the gods ally'd :  
But not because that on the female part  
My blood is better, dare I claim desert, 240  
Or that my sire from parricide is free ;  
But judge by merit betwixt him, and me :  
The prize to be the best ; provided yet  
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,  
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name, 245  
To fortify by them his feeble claim :  
Be kindred and relation laid aside,  
And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd :  
For if he plead proximity of blood,  
That empty title is with ease withstood. 250  
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,  
And Pyrrhus, his undoubted progeny,  
Inherit first these trophies of the field ;  
To Scyros, or to Pthia, send the shield :  
And Teucer has an uncle's right ; yet he 255  
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,  
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last ?  
I not presume on ev'ry act to dwell,  
But take these few, in order as they fell. 260

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care  
To keep Achilles in disguise from war ;  
And till the threat'ning influence was past,  
A woman's habit on the hero cast ;

All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest, 265  
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)  
Found no Pelides there : At length I came  
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame ;  
She, not discover'd by her mien, or voice,  
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice ; 270  
And while on female toys her fellows look,  
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a jav'lin shook ;  
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke :  
O goddess-born ! resist not heav'n's decree,  
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee ; 275  
Then seiz'd him, and produc'd in open light,  
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.  
Mine then are all his actions of the war ;  
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,  
And after cur'd : To me the Thebans owe, 280  
Lesbos, and Tenedos, their overthrow ;  
Syros and Cylla : Not on all to dwell,  
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell :  
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,  
To me the noble Hector's death is due : 285  
Those arms I put into his living hand,  
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,  
And met at Aulis to avenge th' offence,  
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,  
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd ; 291



Bad signs were seen, and oracle's severe,  
Were daily thunder'd in our gen'ral's ear ;  
'That by his daughter's blood we must appease  
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas. 295  
Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd ;  
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd ;  
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,  
As angry with the gods, as they with him.  
No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look, 300  
'Till this hard enterprize I undertook :  
I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,  
And undermin'd the parent in his soul ;  
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,  
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood. 305  
Never was cause more difficult to plead,  
Than where the judge against himself decreed :  
Yet this I won by dint of argument ;  
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent, }  
And his own office, sham'd him to consent. 310 }  
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,  
And to this heavy task was I design'd :  
Reasons against her love I knew were vain ;  
I circumvented whom I could not gain :  
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails 315  
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.  
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,  
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy :



Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,  
Glitt'ring with steel, and crowded with resort: 320  
There, in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,  
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;  
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,  
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.

Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few, 325

I mov'd; but Paris, and his lawless crew,  
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords; but stood  
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:

This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share  
With me the rough prelude of the war. 330

Endless it were to tell, what I have done,  
In arms, or council, since the siege begun:  
The first encounter past, the foe repell'd,  
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.  
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length 335  
Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength.  
Now what did Ajax, while our arms took breath,  
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?

If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms  
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms; 340

Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,  
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train,  
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;  
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common  
cause pursu'd.

The king, deluded in a dream by Jove, 345  
 Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.  
 What subject durst arraign the pow'r supreme,  
 Producing Jove to justify his dream?  
 Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain  
 From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain : 350  
 As wanting of effect had been his words,  
 Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.  
 But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,  
 Or by his own example urge their stay?  
 None, none of these, but ran himself away. }  
 I saw him run, and was asham'd to see; 356  
 Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?  
 Then speeding through the place, I made a stand, }  
 And loudly cry'd, O base degen'rate ban }  
 To leave a town already in you hand!  
 After so long expence of blood, for fame, 361  
 To bring home nothing, but perpetual shame!  
 These words, or what I have forgotten since,  
 (For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)  
 Reduc'd their minds; they leave the crowded port,  
 And to their late forsaken camp resort : 366  
 Dismay'd the council met : this man was there,  
 ut mute, and not recover'd of his fear:  
 Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,  
 But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd. 370  
 Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,  
 And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight  
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?

But Diomede desires my company,

376

And still communicates his praise with me.

As guided by a god, secure he goes,

Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes;

And sure no little merit I may boast,

380

Whom such a man selects from such an host;

Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,

To dare with him the dangers of the night:

On the same errand sent, we met the spy

Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie; 385

Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd,

I drew him first to tell, what treach'rous Troy  
design'd:

My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,

But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd:

Invaded Rhesus, and his Thracian crew,

390

And him, and his, in their own strength I slew.

Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,

With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:

Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds

Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:

Yet let dull Ajax bear away my right,

396

When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld

With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:

You saw, and counted as I pass'd along, 400  
 Alastor, Chromius, Ceranus the strong,  
 Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,  
 Neomon, Charopes, and Emomus;  
 Coon, Chersidamas; and five beside,  
 Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd; 405  
 All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;  
 Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:  
 All honest, all before: Believe not me;  
 Words may deceive but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his  
 scars, 410

As of a furrow'd field well plough'd with wars;  
 Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he:  
 That giant-bulk of his from wounds is free:  
 Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,  
 And better manages his blood, than I: 415  
 But this avails me not; our boaster strove  
 Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,  
 To save the fleet: This I confess is true,  
 (Nor will I take from any man his due :)  
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you,  
 Some part of honour to your share will fall, 420  
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.  
 Patroclus in Achilles' arms, and thought  
 The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought:  
 Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire, 425  
 And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts that he was only thought  
 A match for Hector, who the combat sought :  
 Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me :  
 All were as eager for the fight as he : 430  
 He but the ninth, and not by public voice,  
 Or our's preferr'd, was only fortune's choice :  
 They fought ; nor can our hero boast th' event,  
 For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day, 435  
 That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away ?  
 I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,  
 And ran in vain, alas ! to his relief :  
 For the brave soul was fled : Full of my friend  
 I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend : 440  
 Nor ceas'd my toil, till I redeem'd the prey,  
 And loaded with Achilles march'd away :  
 Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,  
 'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.  
 You see I want not nerves, who could sustain 445  
 The pond'rous ruins of so great a man ;  
 Or if in others equal force you find,  
 None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care, 449  
 These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare ;  
 That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should  
 wear ! }

For that dull soul to stare with stupid eyes.  
 On the learn'd unintelligible prize !

What are to him the sculptures of the shield,  
Heav'n's planets, earth and ocean's wat'ry field ?  
The Pleiads, Hyads ; less, and greater bear, 456  
Undipp'd in seas ; Orion's angry star ;  
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand ;  
Would he wear arms he cannot understand ?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares 460  
Against my late accession to the wars ?  
Does not the fool perceive his argument  
Is with more force against Achilles bent ?  
For if dissembling be so great a crime,  
The fault is common, and the same in him ; 465  
And if he taxes both of long delay,  
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.

His pious mother, anxious for his life,  
Detain'd her son, and me, my pious wife.  
To them the blossoms of our youth were due, 470  
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.  
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,  
When with so great a man my guilt I share :  
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,  
But by this fool I never had been caught. 475

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw  
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you :  
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,  
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree :  
I but accus'd, you doom'd : And yet he dy'd, 480  
Convict of treason, and was fairly try'd :

You heard not he was false ; your eyes beheld  
The traitor manifest ; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes, is on Lemnos left,  
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft, 485  
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone ;  
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own :  
'Tis true, th' advice was mine ; that staying there  
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,  
From a long voyage free, and from a longer  
war. }

He took the counsel, and he lives at least ; 491  
Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best ;  
Tho' faith is all in ministers of state ;  
For who can promise to be fortunate ?  
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy, 499  
Do not my wit, or weak address employ ;  
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,  
To mollify the man and draw him thence :  
But Xanthus shall run backward ; Ida stand  
A leafless mountain ; and the Grecian band 500  
Shall fight for Troy ; if, when my counsels fail,  
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen,  
Against thy fellows, and the king of men ;  
Curse my devoted head, above the rest, 505  
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast :  
Yet I the dang'rous task will undertake,  
And either die myself, or bring thee back.



Nor doubt the same success, as when before  
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore, 510  
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare  
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war,  
Heav'n's dark decrees, and answers to display, [lay;  
And how to take the town, and where the secret  
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd 515  
The fatal image of their guardian-maid;  
That work was mine; for Pallas tho' our friend,  
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.  
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?  
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind. 520  
If he be what he promises in show,  
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?  
Our boasting champion thought the task not light  
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;  
Not only thro' a hostile town to pass, 525  
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;  
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,  
And from the priests their patroness to steal:  
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,  
And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey; 530  
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,  
Before that monst'rous bulk his sev'nfold shield.  
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,  
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war? 535  
Tydides had indeed a worthy share



In all my toil, and praise ; but when thy might  
Our ships protected, did'st thou singly fight ?  
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one ;  
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone : 540  
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art,  
And conduct were of war the better part,  
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend  
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend ;  
As good at least Enripylus may claim, 545  
And the more mod'rate Ajax of the name :  
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,  
And Menelaus bold with sword, and spear :  
All these had been my rivals in the shield,  
And yet all these to my pretensions yield. 550  
Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I  
With this directing head those hands apply.  
Brawn without brain is thine : My prudent care  
Foresees, provides, administers the war :  
Thy province is to fight ; but when shall be 555  
The times to fight, the king consults with me :  
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd ;  
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.  
By how much more the ship her safety owes  
To him who steers, than him that only rows, 560  
By how much more the captain merits praise,  
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;  
By so much greater is my worth than thine,  
Who canst but execute, what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man if I confess 565  
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?  
Mind is the man; I claim my whole desert,  
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,  
Be grateful to your watchman of the war: 570  
For all my labours in so long a space,  
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:  
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,  
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.  
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be, 575  
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;  
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,  
And by their taken gods, which now are ours;  
Or if there yet a farther task remains,  
To be perform'd by prudence, or by pains; 580  
If yet some desp'rate action rests behind,  
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;  
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,  
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,  
Award, those arms I ask, by your decree: 585  
Or give to this, what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: And ceasing with respect he bow'd,  
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.  
Heav'n, air and ocean rung, with loud applause,  
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cause. 590  
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,  
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

## THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often and alone withstand  
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,  
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain, 59  
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;  
Then snatching out his falchion, thou, said he,  
Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.  
O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,  
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord; 600  
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show  
None but himself, himself could overthrow:  
He said, and with so good a will to die,  
Did to his breast the fatal point apply.  
It found his heart, a way till then unknown, 605  
Where never weapon enter'd but his own.  
No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,  
Till out it rush'd expell'd by streams of spouting  
blood.  
The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r which grew }  
On a green stem and of a purple hue : 610 }  
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew :  
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,  
But those express the grief, and these the name.

## THE STORY OF POLYXENA AND HECUBA.

BY MR. TEMPLE STANYAN.

The victor with full sails for Lemnos stood,  
 (Once stain'd by matrons with their husbands blood)  
 Thence great Alcides' fatal shafts to bear, 616  
 Assign'd to Philoctetes' secret care.  
 These with their guardian to the Greeks convey'd,  
 Their ten years toil with wish'd success repaid.  
 With Troy old Priam falls; his queen survives; 620  
 Till all her woes complete, transform'd she grieves  
 In borrow'd sounds, nor with a human face,  
 Barking tremendous o'er the plains of Thrace.  
 Still Ilium's flames their pointed columns raise,  
 And the red Hellespont reflects the blaze. 625  
 Shed on Jove's altar are the poor remains  
 Of blood, which trickl'd from old Priam's veins.  
 Cassandra lifts her hands to heav'n in vain,  
 Dragg'd by her sacred hair; the trembling train  
 Of matrons to their burning temples fly: 630  
 There to their gods for kind protection cry;  
 And to their statues cling, till forc'd away,  
 The victor Greeks bear off th' invidious prey.  
 From those high tow'rs Astyanax is thrown,  
 Whence he was wont with pleasure to look down.  
 When oft his mother with a fond delight 636  
 Pointed to view his father's rage in fight,  
 To win renown, and guard his country's right.

The winds now call to sea ; brisk northern  
gales

Sing in the shrouds, and court the spreading sails.

Farewell, dear Troy, the captive matrons cry ; 641

Yes, we must leave our long-lov'd native sky.

Then prostrate on the shore they kiss the sand,

And quit the smoking ruins of the land.

Last Hecuba on board, sad sight ! appears : 645

Found weeping o'er her children's sepulchres :

Dragg'd by Ulysses from her slaughter'd sons,

Whilst yet she grasp'd their tombs, and kiss'd their  
mould'ring bones.

Yet Hector's ashes from his urn she bore,

And in her bosom the sad relic wore ; 650

Then scatter'd on his tomb her hoary hairs,

A poor oblation, mingl'd with her tears.

Oppos'd to Ilium lie the Thracian plains,

Where Polymestor safe in plenty reigns.

King Priam to his care commits his son 655

Young Polydore, the chance of war to shun.

A wise precaution ! had not gold, consign'd

For the child's use debauch'd the tyrant's mind.

When sinking Troy to its last period drew,

With impious hands his royal charge he slew : 660

Then in the sea his lifeless corse is thrown ;

As with the body he the guilt could drown.

The Greeks now riding on the Thracian shore,

Till kinder gales invite, their vessels moor.

Here the wide op'ning earth to sudden view 665  
Disclos'd Achilles, great as when he drew  
The vital air, but fierce with proud disdain,  
As when he sought Briseïs to regain ;  
When stern debate, and rash injurious strife  
Unsheathe'd his sword, to reach Atrides' life. 670  
And will ye go? he said. Is then the name  
Of the once great Achilles lost to fame?  
Yet stay, ungrateful Greeks; nor let me sue  
In vain for honours to my manes due.  
For this just end, Polyxena I doom 675  
With victim rites to grace my slighted tomb.

The phantom spoke; the ready Greeks obey'd,  
And to the tomb led the devoted maid,  
Snatch'd from her mother, who with pious care  
Cherish'd this last relief of her despair. 680  
Superior to her sex, the fearless maid,  
Approach'd the altar, and around survey'd  
The cruel rites, and consecrated knife,  
Which Phyrrius pointed at her guiltless life,  
Then as with stern amaze intent he stood, 685  
“ Now strike, she said, now spill my gen'rous blood;  
“ Deep in my breast, or throat, your dagger sheath,  
“ While thus I stand prepar'd to meet my death.  
“ For life on terms of slav'ry I despise :  
“ Yet sure no god approves this sacrifice. 690  
“ O ! could I but conceal this dire event  
“ From my sad mother, I should die content.

OVER



THE TAMER OF THE ROSES VOL. 4  
— and condensed with  
which Pye has pointed at  
the golden life  
Book VII

del.

Delaware and Co.

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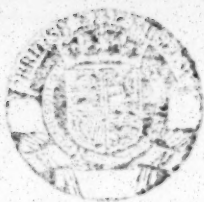


OVII



METAMORPHOSES VOL. 4  
— and consecrated knife  
which Pyrrhus pointed at  
her guiltless life

Book III



Yet should she not with tears my death deplore,  
Since her own wretched life demands them more.  
But let not the rude touch of man pollute 695  
A virgin victim; 'tis a modest suit.  
It best will please whoe'er demands my blood,  
That I untainted reach the Stygian flood.  
Yet let one short, last, dying pray'r be heard;  
To Priam's daughter pay this last regard; 700  
'Tis Priam's daughter, not a captive sues;  
Do not the rites of sepulture refuse.  
To my afflicted mother, I implore,  
Free without ransom my dead corpse restore:  
Nor barter me for gain when I am cold; 705  
But be her tears the price if I am sold:  
Time was she could have ransom'd me with  
"gold."

Thus as she pray'd one common show'r of tears  
Burst forth and stream'd from ev'ry eye but hers.  
Ev'n the priest wept, and with a rude remorse, 710  
Plung'd in her heart the steel's resistless force.  
Her slacken'd limbs sunk gently to the ground,  
Dauntless her looks, unalter'd by the wound.  
And as she fell she strove with decent pride  
To hide what suits a virgin's care to hide. 715  
The Trojan matrons the pale corpse receive,  
And the whole slaughter'd race of Priam grieve.  
Sad they recount the long disastrous tale;  
Then with fresh tears, thee, royal maid, bewail

Thy widow'd mother too, who flourish'd late, 720  
The royal pride of Asia's happier state :

A captive lot now to Ulysses born ;

Whom yet the victor would reject with scorn,

Were she not Hector's mother : Hector's fame

Scarce can a master for his mother claim ! 725

With strict embrace the lifeless corpse she view'd ;

And her fresh grief that flood of tears renew'd,

With which she lately mourn'd so many dead ;

Tears for her country, sons, and husband shed. 729

With the thick gushing stream she bath'd the wound ;

Kiss'd her pale lips ; then welt'ring on the ground,

With wonted rage her frantic bosom tore ;

Sweeping her hair amidst the clotted gore ;

Whilst her sad accents thus her loss deplore. }

“ Behold a mother's last dear pledge of woe ! 735

“ Yes, 'tis the last I have to suffer now.

“ Thou, my Polyxena, my ills must crown :

“ Already in thy fate I feel my own.

“ 'Tis thus, lest haply of my num'rous seed

“ One should unslaughter'd fall, even thou must bleed.

“ And yet I hop'd thy sex had been thy guard ; 741

“ But neither has thy tender sex been spar'd.

“ The same Achilles, by whose deadly hate

“ Thy brothers fell, urg'd thy untimely fate !

“ The same Achilles, whose destructive rage 745

“ Laid waste my realms, has robb'd my childless

“ age !

- " When Paris' shafts with Phœbus' certain aid  
" At length had pierc'd this dreaded chief, I said,  
" Secure of future ills, he can no more ;  
" But see he still pursues me as before. 750  
" With rage rekindled his dead ashes burn ;  
" And his yet murd'ring ghost my wretched house must  
" This tyrant's lust of slaughter I have fed [mourn.  
" With large supplies from my too fruitful bed.  
" Troy's tow'rs lie waste ; and the wide ruin ends  
" The public woe : but me fresh woe attends. 756  
" Troy still survives to me ; to none but me ;  
" And from its ills I never must be free.  
" I, who so late had pow'r, and wealth, and ease,  
" Bless'd with my husband, and a large increase,  
" Must now in poverty and exile mourn ; 761  
" Ev'n from the tombs of my dead offsprings torn :  
" Giv'n to Penelope, who proud of spoil,  
" Allots me to the loom's ungrateful toil ;  
" Points to her dames, and cries with scorning mien,  
" See Hector's mother, and great Priam's queen! 766  
" And thou my child, sole hope of all that's lost,  
" Thou now art slain to sooth this hostile ghost.  
" Yes ; my child falls an off'ring to my foe !  
" Then what am I who still survive this woe ? 770  
" Say, cruel gods ! for what new scenes of death  
" Must a poor aged wretch prolong this hated breath ?  
" Troy fall'n, to whom could Priam happy seem ?  
" Yet was he so ; and happy must I deem

" His death ; for O ! my child, he saw not thine,  
" When he his life did with his Troy resign. 776  
" Yet sure due obsequies thy tomb might grace ;  
" And thou shalt sleep amidst thy kingly race.  
" Alas ! my child, such fortune does not wait  
" Our suff'ring house in this abandon'd state. 780  
" A foreign grave, and thy poor mother's tears,  
" Are all the honours that attend thy hearse.  
" All now is lost !—Yet no ; one comfort more  
" Of life remains, my much-lov'd Polydore,  
" My youngest hope : Here on this coast he lives,  
" Nurs'd by the guardian-king he still survives. 786  
" Then let me hasten to the cleansing flood,  
" And wash away these stains of guiltless blood."

Straight to the shore her feeble steps repair  
With limping pace, and torn dishevell'd hair 790  
Silver'd with age. " Give me an urn, she cry'd,  
" To bear back water from this swelling tide :"  
When on the banks her son, in ghastly hue,  
Transfix'd with Thracian arrows, strikes her view.  
The matron shriek'd ; her big-swoln grief surpass'd  
The pow'r of utterance ; she stood aghast ; 796  
She had nor speech nor tears to give relief ;  
Excess of woe suppress'd the rising grief.  
Lifeless as stone, on earth she fix'd her eyes,  
And then look'd up to heav'n with wild surprise.  
Now she contemplates o'er with sad delight 801  
Her son's pale visage ; then her aching sight

Dwells on his wounds : She varies thus by turns,  
Till with collected rage at length she burns,  
Wild as the mother-lion, when among 805  
The haunts of prey she seeks her ravish'd young :  
Swift flies the ravisher ; she marks his trace,  
And by the print directs her anxious chase.  
So Hecuba, with mingled grief and rage,  
Pursues the king, regardless of her age. 810  
She greets the murd'rer with dissembled joy,  
Of secret treasure hoarded for her boy.  
The specious tale th' unwary king betray'd,  
Fir'd with the hopes of prey : " Give quick, he said,  
" (With soft enticing speech) the promis'd store :  
" Whate'er you give, you give to Polydore. 816  
" Your son, by the immortal gods I swear,  
" Shall this with all your former bounty share."  
She stands attentive to his soothing lies,  
And darts avenging horror from her eyes. 820  
Then full resentment fires her boiling blood :  
She springs upon him 'midst the captive crowd :  
(Her thirst of vengeance want of strength supplies ;)  
Fastens her forky fingers in his eyes ;  
Tears out the rooted balls ; her rage pursues, 825  
And in the hollow orbs her hand imbrues.  
The Thracians, fir'd at this inhuman scene,  
With darts and stones assail the frantic queen.  
She snarls and growls, nor in a human tone ;  
Then bites impatient at the bounding stone ; 830



Extends her jaws, as she her voice would raise  
 To keen invectives in her wonted phrase;  
 But barks, and thence the yelping brute betrays. }  
 Still a sad monument the place remains, 834  
 And from this monstrous change its name obtains;  
 Where she in long remembrance of her ills,  
 With plaintive howlings the wide desert fills.  
 Greeks, Trojans, friends, and foes, and gods  
 above  
 Her num'rous wrongs to just compassion move.  
 Ev'n Juno's self forgets her ancient hate 840  
 And owns, she had deserv'd a milder fate.

### THE FUNERAL OF MEMNON.

BY MR. CROXALL.

Yet bright Aurora, partial as she was  
 To Troy and those that lov'd the Trojan cause,  
 Nor Troy, nor Hecuba can now bemoan,  
 But weeps a sad misfortune, more her own. 845  
 Her offspring Memnon, by Achilles slain,  
 She saw extended on the Phrygian plain:  
 She saw, and straight the purple beams, that grace  
 The rosy morning, vanish'd from her face:  
 A deadly pale her wonted bloom invades, 850  
 And veils the low'ring skies with mournful shades.  
 But when his limbs upon the pile were laid,  
 The last kind duty that by friends is paid,



His mother to the skies directs her flight,  
Nor could sustain to view the doleful sight; 855  
But frantic, with her loose neglected hair,  
Hastens to Jove and falls a suppliant there.  
O king of heav'n, O father of the skies,  
The weeping goddess passionately cries,  
Tho' I the meanest of immortals am, 860  
And fewest temples celebrate my fame,  
Yet still a goddess I presume to come,  
Within the verge of your ethereal dome;  
Yet still may plead some merit, if my light  
With purple dawn controls the pow'rs of night;  
If from a female hand that virtue springs, 866  
Which to the gods, and men such pleasure brings,  
Yet I nor honours seek, nor rites divine,  
Nor for more altars, or more fanes repine;  
Oh! that such trifles were the only cause, 870  
From whence Aurora's mind its anguish draws!  
For Memnon lost, my dearest only child,  
With weightier grief my heavy heart is fill'd;  
My warrior son! that liv'd but half his time,  
Nipp'd in the bud, and blasted in his prime; 875  
Who for his uncle early took the field,  
And by Achilles' fatal spear was kill'd.  
To whom but Jove should I for succour come?  
For Jove alone could fix his cruel doom.  
O sov'reign of the gods accept my pray'r, 880  
Grant my request, and sooth a mother's care;

On the deceas'd some solemn boon bestow,  
To expiate the loss, and ease my woe.

Jove, with a nod, comply'd with her desire ;  
Around the body flam'd the fun'ral fire ; 885  
The pile decreas'd, that lately seem'd so high,  
And sheets of smoke roll'd upwards to the sky :  
As humid vapours from a marshy bog,  
Rise by degrees condensing into fog,  
That intercept the son's enliv'ning ray, 890  
And with a cloud infect the cheerful day.  
The sooty ashes wafted by the air,  
Whirl round, and thicken in a body there ;  
Then take a form which their own heat, and fire,  
With active Life, and energy inspire. 895  
Its lightness makes it seem to fly, and soon  
It skims on real wings that are its own ;  
A real bird, it beats the breezy wind,  
Mix'd with a thousand sisters of the kind,  
That from the same formation newly sprung, 900  
Up-borne aloft on plummy pinions hung.  
Thrice, round the pile advanc'd the circling throng,  
Thrice, with their wings, a whizzing consort rung :  
In their fourth flight their squadron they divide,  
Rank'd in two diff'rent troops, on either side : 905  
Then two, and two, inspir'd with martial rage,  
From either troop in equal pairs engage.  
Each combatant with beak, and pounces press'd,  
In wrathful ire, his adversary's breast ;

Each falls a victim, to preserve the fame      910

Of that great hero, whence their being came.

From him their courage and their name they take,

And, as they liv'd, they die for Meninon's sake.

Punctual to time, with each revolving year,

In fresh array the champion birds appear;      915

Again, prepar'd with vengeful minds, they come

To bleed, in honour of the soldier's tomb.

Therefore in others it appear'd not strange,

To grieve for Hecuba's unhappy change :

But poor Aurora had enough to do      920

With her own loss, to mind another's woe ;

Who still, in tears, her tender nature shews,

Besprinkling all the world with pearly dew.

## THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS.

BY MR. CATCOTT.

Troy thus destroy'd, 'twas still deny'd by fate,

The hopes of Troy should perish with the state. 925

His sire, the son of Cytherëa bore,

And household gods from burning Ilium's shore.

The pious prince (a double duty paid)

Each sacred burthen through the flames convey'd.

With young Ascanius, and this only prize,      930

Of heaps of wealth, he from Antandros flies ;

But struck with horror, left the Thracian shore,

Stain'd with the blood of murder'd Polydore.

The Delian isle receives the banish'd train,  
Driv'n by kind gales, and favour'd by the main. 935

Here pious Anius, priest and monarch, reign'd,  
And either charge with equal care sustain'd,  
His subjects rul'd, to Phœbus homage paid,  
His god obeying, and by those obey'd.

The priest displays his hospitable gate, 940  
And shows the riches of his church and state ;  
The sacred shrubs, which eas'd Latona's pain,  
The palm, the olive, and the votive fane.  
Here grateful flames, with fuming incense fed,  
And mingled wine, ambrosial odours shed ; 945  
Of slaughter'd steers the crackling entrails burn'd :  
And then the strangers to the court return'd.

On beds of tap'stry plac'd aloft, they dine  
With Ceres' gift, and flowing bowls of wine ;  
When thus Anchises spoke, amidst the feast, 950  
Say, mitred monarch, Phœbus' chosen priest,  
Or (ere from Troy by cruel fate expell'd)  
When first mine eyes these sacred walls beheld,  
A son, and twice two daughters crown'd thy bliss ?  
Or errs my mem'ry, and I judge amiss ? 955

The royal prophet shook his hoary head,  
With snowy fillets bound, and sighing, said ;  
Thy mem'ry errs not, prince ; thou saw'st me then,  
The happy father of so large a train ;  
Behold me now (such turns of chance befall 960  
The race of man !) almost bereft of all.

For, ah ! what comfort can my son bestow,  
What help afford to mitigate my woe !

While far from hence, in Andros' isle he reigns,  
(From him so nam'd) and there my place sustains.  
Him Delius prescience gave ; the twice-born god  
A boon more wond'rous on the maids bestow'd.

Whate'er they touch'd, he gave them to trans- }  
(A gift past credit, and above their suit) [mute, }  
To Ceres, Bacchus, and Minerva's fruit. 970 }

How great their value, and how rich their use,  
Whose only touch such treasures could produce !

The dire destroyer of the Trojan reign,  
Fierce Agamemnon, such a prize to gain,  
(A proof we also were design'd by fate 975  
To feel the tempest that o'erturn'd your state)

With force superior, and a ruffian crew,  
From these weak arms the helpless virgins drew ;  
And sternly bad them use the grant divine,  
To keep the fleet in corn, and oil, and wine. 780

Each, as they could, escap'd ; two strove to gain  
Eubœa's isle, and two their brother's reign.

The soldier follows, and demands the dames ;  
If held by force, immediate war proclaims.

Fear conquer'd nature in their brother's mind, 985  
And gave them up to punishment assign'd.

Forgive the deed ; nor Hector's arm was there,  
Nor thine, Æneas, to maintain the war ;

Whose only force upheld your Ilium's tow'rs,  
 For ten long years, against the Grecian Pow'rs. 990  
 Prepar'd to bind their captive arms in bands,  
 To heav'n they rear'd their yet unfetter'd hands,  
 Help, Bacchus, author of the gift, they pray'd;  
 The gift's great author gave immediate aid;  
 If such destruction of their human frame 995  
 By ways so wound'rous, may deserve the name;  
 Nor could I hear, nor can I now relate  
 Exact, the manner of their alter'd state;  
 But this in gen'ral of my loss I knew,  
 Transform'd to doves, on milky plumes they flew,  
 Such as on Ida's mount thy consort's chariot  
 drew. 1001

With such discourse, they entertain'd the feast;  
 Then rose from table and withdrew to rest.  
 The foll'wing morn, ere Sol was seen to shine,  
 Th' inquiring Trojans sought the sacred shrine,  
 The mystic pow'r commands them to explore 1006  
 Their ancient mother, and a kindred shore.  
 Attending to the sea, the gen'rous prince  
 Dismiss'd his guests with rich munificence,  
 In old Anchises' hand a sceptre plac'd, 1010  
 A vest, and quiver young Ascanius grac'd,  
 His sire, a cup; which from th' Aonian coast,  
 Ismenian Therses sent his royal host.  
 Alcon of Mylè made what Therses sent,  
 And carv'd thereon this ample argument. 1015

A town with sev'n distinguish'd gates was shown,  
Which spoke its name, and made the city known;  
Before it, piles, and tombs, and rising flames,  
The rites of death, and quires of mourning dames,  
Who har'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow,  
The signs of grief, and marks of public woe.  
Their fountains dry'd, the weeping Naiads mourn'd,  
The trees stood bare, with searing cankers burn'd.  
No herbage cloth'd the ground, a ragged flock  
Of goats half famish'd, lick'd the naked rock. 1025  
Of manly courage, and with mind serene,  
Orion's daughters in the town were seen;  
One heav'd her chest to meet the lifted knife,  
One plung'd the poniard thro' the seat of life,  
Their countries victims; mourns the rescu'd state,  
The bodies burns, and celebrates their fate. 1031  
To save the failure of th' illustrious line,  
From the pale ashes rose of form divine  
Two gen'rous youths; these, fame Coronæ calls,  
Who join the pomp, and mourn their mother's falls.  
These burnish'd figures form'd of antique mould  
Shone on the brass, with rising sculpture bold;  
A wreath of gilt acanthus round the brim was  
roll'd. }

Nor less expence the Trojan gifts express'd;  
A fuming censor for the royal priest, 1049  
A chalice, and a crown of princely cost,  
With ruddy gold, and sparkling gems emboss'd.



Now hoisting sail, to Crete, the Trojans stood  
Themselves remembring sprung from Teucer's blood;  
But heav'n forbids, and pestilential Jove 1045  
From noxious skies the wand'ring navy drove.  
Her hundred cities left, from Crete they bore,  
And sought the destin'd land, Ausonia's shore;  
But toss'd by storms at either Strophas lay,  
Till scared by Harpies from the faithless bay, 1050  
Then passing onward with a prosp'rous wind,  
Left sly Ulysses' spacious realms behind;  
Ambracia's state, in former ages known  
The strife of gods, the judge transform'd to stone  
They saw; for Actian Phœbus since renown'd 1055  
Who Cæsar's arms with naval conquest crown'd;  
Next pass'd Dodona, wont of old to boast  
Her vocal forest; and Châonia's coast,  
Where king Molossus' sons on wings aspir'd,  
And saw secure the harmless fuel fir'd. 1060

Now to Phæacia's happy isle they came,  
For fertile orchards known to early fame;  
Epirus past, they next beheld with joy  
A second Ilium, and fictitious Troy;  
Here Trojan Helenus the sceptre sway'd, 1065  
Who show'd their fate, and mystic truths display'd.  
By him confirm'd, Sicilia's isle they reach'd,  
Whose sides to sea three promontories stretch'd;  
Pachynos to the stormy south is plac'd,  
On Lilybæum blows the gentle west, 1070

Peloro's cliffs the northern bear survey,  
Who rolls above, and dreads to touch the sea.  
By this they steer, and, favour'd by the tide,  
Secure by night in Zancle's harbour ride.

Here cruel Scylla guards the rocky shore, 1075  
And there the waves of loud Charybdis roar :  
This sucks, and vomits ships, and bodies-drown'd;  
And rav'nous dogs the womb of that surround,  
In face a virgin ; and (if ought be true  
By bards recorded) once a virgin too. 1080

A train of youths in vain desir'd her bed ;  
By sea-nymphs lov'd, to nymphs of seas she fled ;  
The maid to these, with female pride, display'd  
Their baffled courtship, and their love betray'd.

When Galatea thus bespoke the fair, 1085  
(But first she sigh'd) while Scylla comb'd her hair ;  
You, lovely maid, a gen'rous race pursues,  
Whom safe you may (as now you do) refuse ;  
To me, tho' pow'rful in a num'rous train  
Of sisters, sprung from gods, who rule the main,  
My native seas could scarce a refuge prove, 1091  
To shun the fury of the Cyclops' love.

Tears choak'd her utt'rance here; the pity'ng maid  
With marble fingers wip'd them off, and said :

My dearest goddess, let thy Scylla know, 1095  
(For I am faithful) whence these sorrows flow.

The maid's intreaties o'er the nymph prevail,  
Who thus to Scylla tells the mournful tale :

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND  
GALATEA.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Acis, the lovely youth whose loss I mourn,  
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born, 1100  
Was both his parents' pleasure ; but, to me  
Was all that love could make a lover be.  
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join :  
I was his only joy, and he was mine.  
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen ;  
And doubtful down began to shade his chin : 1106  
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,  
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.  
Ask not which passion in my soul was high'r,  
My last aversion, or my first desire : 1110  
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;  
Both were alike, for both were in excess.  
Thee, Venus, thee, both heav'n and earth obey ;  
Immense thy pow'r, and boundless is thy sway.  
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' æthereal throne, 1115  
And thought no thunder louder than his own.  
The terror of the woods, and wilder far  
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,  
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts  
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests, 1120  
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,  
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire.

Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,  
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air ; II24  
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair. }  
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks ;  
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks :  
Now in the crystal stream he looks to try  
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.  
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost ; II30  
And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance  
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,  
Who mark'd the tracts of ev'ry bird that flew,  
And sure presages from their flying drew) II35  
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses hand  
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.  
The giant with a scornful grin reply'd,  
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesy'd ;  
Already love his flaming brand has tost ; II40  
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost,  
Thus warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,  
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood  
With heavy steps ; and weary, sought again  
The cool retirement of his gloomy den. II45

A promontory, sharpen'd by degrees,  
Ends in a wedge and overlooks the seas ;  
On either side, below, the water flows ;  
This airy walk the giant lover chose.

Here, on the midst he sate; his flocks unled, 1150  
Their shepherd follow'd and securely fed.  
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,  
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,  
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide :  
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd. 1155  
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,  
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth :  
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,  
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.  
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow, 1160  
While in a hollow cave I sate below ;  
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd :  
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

Oh lovely Galatea, whiter far  
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are ; 1165  
More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright,  
Erect as alders and of equal height :  
More wanton than a kid, more sleek thy skin,  
Than Orient shells that on the shores are seen.  
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade,  
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade : 1171  
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains ;  
And softer to the touch than down of swans ;  
Or curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the taste  
Than swelling grapes that to the vintage haste ;  
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray  
Thro' garden plots, but ah ! more swift than they.

Yet Galatea, harder to be broke  
Than bullock's, unreclaim'd, to bear the yoke, }  
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak :  
Like sliding streams impossible to hold : 1181  
Like them, fallacious, like their fountains, cold.  
More warping than the willow to decline  
My warm embrace, more brittle than the vine ;  
Immoveable and fix'd in thy disdain ; 1185  
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain.  
More violent than is the rising flood ;  
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud.  
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are,  
And more outrageous than a mother-bear ; 1190  
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make ;  
And more revengeful than a trodden snake.  
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,  
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.  
All other faults with patience I can bear ; 1195  
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun  
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run :  
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay ;  
And much repent of your unwise delay. 1200

My palace, in the living rock, is made }  
By nature's hand ; a spacious pleasing shade ;  
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade. }  
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,  
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold ; 1205

Some blushing bunches of a purple hue :  
And these and those are all reserv'd for you.  
Red strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,  
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.  
Autumnal cornels, latter fruit provide; 1210  
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their glossy side :  
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,  
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown :  
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,  
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood; 1215  
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;  
And your's shall be the product of the year.

The flocks you see are all my own; beside  
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide; }  
And those that folded in the caves abide. 1220 }  
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;  
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.  
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,  
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree :  
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight  
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight; 1226  
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;  
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.  
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd  
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd. 1230  
Nor are these household dainties all my store: }  
The fields and forests will afford us more; }  
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar. }



All sorts of ven'son, and of birds the best ;

A pair of turtles taken from the nest. 1235

I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,  
(Whose dam had left them on the naked ground)

So like, that no distinction could be seen :

So pretty, they were presents for a queen ;

And so they shall : I took them both away, 1240

And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above  
The waves ; nor scorn my presents, and my love.

Come, Galatea, come, and view my face ;

I late beheld it in the wat'ry glass, 1245 }

And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.

Survey my tow'ring stature, and my size :

Not Jove, the Jove you dream that rules the skies,

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread :

My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head) 1250

Hang o'er my manly face, and dangling down,

As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.

Nor think, because my limbs and body bear

A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,

My shape deform'd : What fouler sight can be,

Than the bald branches of a leafless tree ? 1256

Foul is the steed without a flowing mane ;

And birds, without their feathers and their train.

Wool decks the sheep ; and man receives a grace

From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face. 1260

My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,  
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.  
The glorious lamp of heav'n, the radiant sun,  
Is nature's eye, and she's content with one.  
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I, 1265  
Like you, am of the wat'ry family.  
I make you his, in making you my own :  
You I adore, and kneel to you alone.  
Jove, with his fabled thunder I despise,  
And only fear the light'ning of your eyes. 1270  
Frown not, fair nymph : yet I could bear to be  
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.  
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer  
The love of Acis (heav'ns !) I cannot bear.  
But let the stripling please himself ; nay more, 1275  
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor ;  
'The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,  
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.  
His living bowels, from his belly torn, 1279  
And scatter'd limbs shall on the flood be borne :  
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph ; and fate shall find  
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.  
For oh ! I burn with love, and thy disdain  
Augments at once my passion and my pain.  
Translated *Ætna* flames within my heart, 1285  
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.  
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode  
With furious paces to the neighb'ring wood :

Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;  
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk. 1290  
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield  
His lovely mistress and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw : When fatal chance,  
His looks directing with a sudden glance,  
Acis, and I were to his sight betray'd ; 1295  
Where nought suspecting we securely play'd.  
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast,  
I see, I see ; but this shall be your last :

A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound :  
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound. 1300

Affrighted with his monstrous voice I fled,  
And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head. }

Poor Acis turn'd his back, and help he cry'd,  
Help, Galatea, help, my parent gods,  
And take me dying in your deep abodes. 1305

The Cyclops follow'd ; but he sent before  
A rib, which from the living rock he tore :  
Tho' but an angle reach'd him of the stone,  
The mighty fragment was enough alone,  
To crush all Acis ; 'twas too late to save, 1310

But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave :  
That Acis to his lineage should return,  
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.  
Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood ;  
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.

Then, like a troubl'd torrent, it appear' : 1316  
 The torrent too, in little space was clear'd.  
 The stone was cleft, and thro' the yawning chink  
 New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.  
 The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd  
 A sound like water in its course oppos'd, 1321  
 When, (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,  
 Upstarts a youth, and navel high he stood.  
 Horns from his temples rise ; and either horn  
 Thick wreaths of reeds, (his native growth) adorn.  
 Were not his statue taller than before, 1326  
 His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,  
 His colour blue ; for Acis he might pass :  
 And Acis chang'd into a stream he was,  
 But mine no more ; he rolls along the plains 1330  
 With rapid motion, and his name retains.

### THE STORY OF GLAUCUS, AND SCYLLA.

BY MR. ROWE.

Here ceas'd the nymph ; the fair assembly broke,  
 The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook :  
 While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,  
 Swift to the safer shore returns again. 1335  
 There o'er the sandy margin unarray'd,  
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid ;  
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat  
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noonday heat.

Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode, 1340  
New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.  
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,  
With many an artful blandishment he strove }  
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove. 1344 }  
The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,  
And nimbly gains a neighb'ring mountain's height.  
Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,  
A neighb'ring mountain bare and woodless stood ;  
Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,  
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd. 1350  
His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appall,  
And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall ;  
She sees his face divine, and manly brow,  
And in a fish's wreathy tail below :  
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind, 1355  
Whether he comes of god, or monster kind.  
This Glaucus soon perceiv'd ; and, oh ! forbear }  
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near) }  
Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needless fear. }  
Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main, 1360  
But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign ;  
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,  
Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.  
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,  
And I myself but late a mortal was : 1365  
Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ;  
The seas my hours and all my cares employ'd,

In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew ;  
Now skilfully the slender line I threw,  
And silent sat, the moving float to view. 1370  
Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead,  
With herbage half, and half with water spread :  
There, nor the horned heifers browsing stray,  
Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play ;  
There, nor the sounding bees their nectar cull, 1375  
Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull,  
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers haunt the place,  
To crop the flow'rs, or cut the bushy grass :  
Thither, sure first of living race came I,  
And sat by chance, my dropping nets to dry. 1380  
My scaly prize, in order all display'd,  
By number on the greensword there I laid.  
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,  
Or hung unwary on my wily hook,  
Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lye ? 1385  
I saw them bite the grass, as I sat by.  
Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,  
They spread their fins as in their native main :  
I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey  
Left their new master, and regain'd the sea. 1390  
Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought,  
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :  
But sure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd ;  
And straight I pluck'd some neighb'ring herbs, and  
try'd.

Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wond'rous taste,  
When strong convulsions shook my troubled  
breast ; 1396

I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,  
And my whole nature lab'ring with a change.  
Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook,  
And still upon the seas I bent my look. 1400

Farewell for ever! farewell land, I said;  
And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.  
The gentle pow'rs who that low empire keep,  
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;  
To Tethys, and to ocean old, they pray 1405

To purge my mortal earthy parts away.  
The wat'ry parents to their suit agreed,  
And thrice nine times a secret charm they read.  
Then with lustrations purify my limbs, 1409

And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams;  
A hundred streams from various fountains run,  
And on my head at once come rushing down.

Thus far each passage I remember well,  
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell ; 1414 }  
But then oblivion dark, on all my senses fell.

Again at length my thought reviving came,  
When I no longer found myself the same ;

When first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,  
And these large honours on my spreading brow ;  
My long descending locks the billows sweep, 1420  
And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep ;



My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,  
And ev'ry part divinely chang'd, I view.  
But what avail these useless honours now ?

What joys can immortality bestow ? I425

What, tho' our Nereids all, my form approve ?

What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my love ?

Thus far the god ; and more he would have said ;  
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.

Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort, I430  
He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK XIV.

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TRANSLATED BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

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### THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

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Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er  
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.  
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast  
Of flaming Ætna, to his sight are lost :  
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views 5  
The hills where baneful filters Circe brews ;  
Monsters, in various forms, around her press,  
As thus the god salutes the sorceress.

O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,  
And give a love-sick deity relief. 10  
Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know,  
To those my figure and new fate I owe.  
Against Messena, on th' Ausonian coast,  
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost,

In tend'rest sounds I su'd ; but still the fair 15  
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.  
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r ;  
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.  
I ask no cure ; let but the virgin pine  
With dying pangs or agonies like mine. 20

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,  
But to the suppliant god marine replies :

When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view ;  
Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue.  
If love can be by kind compliance won, 25  
See, at your feet, the daughter of the sun.

Sooner, said Glaucus, shall the ash remove  
From mountains, and the swelling surges love ;  
Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair,  
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair. 30

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,  
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.  
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates ;  
For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.  
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds ; 35  
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating bev'rage now she brews,  
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.  
At Rhegium she arrives ; the ocean braves,  
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves. 40  
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,  
Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies :

This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat  
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.  
The vengeful sorc'ress visits this recess; 45  
Her charm infuses and infects the place.  
Soon as the nymph wades in; her nether parts  
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.  
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;  
But yet she knows not who it is she fears; 50  
In vain she offers from herself to run;  
And drags about her what she strives to shun.  
Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,  
And swells the rising surges with his tears;  
From the detected sorceress he flies; 55  
Her art reviles, and her address denies;  
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees  
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

## THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses fleet,  
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met. 60  
As to the Latian shore the Trojans stood,  
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood,  
He weather'd fell Charybdis: But ere long  
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.  
Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er, 65  
And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.  
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,  
Into her heart receives the wanderer.

From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies ;  
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,  
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

71

Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains  
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns :  
 First to his sire does fun'ral rites decree,  
 Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea ; 75  
 Out-runs the islands where volcanos roar ;  
 Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithless shore :  
 But loses Palinurus in the way ;  
 Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallies now by Pythecusa pass ; 80  
 The name is from the natives of the place.  
 The father of the gods, detesting lies,  
 Oft, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.  
 Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began  
 To mimic the impertinence of man. 85  
 Flat-nos'd and furrow'd; with grimace they grin ;  
 And look, to what they were, too near akin :  
 Merry in make, and busy to no end :  
 This moment they divert, the next offend :  
 So much this species of their past retains ; 90  
 Tho' lost the language, yet the noise remains.

## ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope;  
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea :  
Arrives at Cumæ, and with awe survey'd  
The grotto of the venerable maid : 95  
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire ;  
And view the much lov'd Manes of his sire.  
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes ;  
And, foaming with a holy rage replies :  
O thou, whose worth thy wond'rous works pro-  
claim ; 100

The flames, thy piety ; the world, thy fame :  
Tho' great be thy request, yet shalt thou see  
Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy ;  
Thy parent's shade : This arm thy steps shall guide ;  
To suppliant virtue nothing is deny'd. 105

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,  
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew :  
Seize that, she bids ; he listens to the maid ;  
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead :  
The shade of great Anchises, and the place 110  
By fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,  
He thus salutes the visionary dame.

O, whether some propitious deity,  
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky ! 115

With grateful incense I shall style you one,  
 And deem no godhead, greater than your own.  
 'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,  
 And gave me to behold the fields of light :  
 To feel the breezes of congenial air ;  
 And nature's best benevolence to share.

110

### THE STORY OF THE SIBYLL.

I am no deity, reply'd the dame,  
 But mortal, and religious rites disclaim,  
 Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,  
 Had I consented to the god of day.  
 With promises he sought my love; and said,  
 Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.  
 I paus'd; then pointing to a heap of sand,  
 For ev'ry grain, to live a year, demand.  
 But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,  
 Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.  
 The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,  
 And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.  
 Sev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil  
 The period of the years to finish still.

125

130

135

Who'll think, that Phœbus, drest in youth divine,  
 Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?  
 This wither'd frame (so fates have will'd) shall  
 To nothing, but prophetic words, at last. [waste

The Sibyll mounting now from nether skies, 140  
 And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cumæ rise.



He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,  
 Since call'd Cajeta from his nurse's name.  
 Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend  
 To wise Ulysses, his long labours end. 145

Here, wand'ring Achæmenides he meets,  
 And, sudden, thus his late associate greets.

Whence came you here, O friend, and whither  
 bound ?

All deem'd you lost on far Cyclopean ground;  
 A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found. 150

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides----with thanks I name  
 Æneas, and his piety proclaim.

I 'scap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,  
 Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.  
 When first your navy under sail he found, 155

He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the sound.  
 Raging he stalk'd along the mountain's side,  
 And vented clouds of breath at ev'ry stride.

His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds  
 Oft, as he walks, his grisly front he shrouds. 160

Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,  
 And jostled promontories, as he pass'd,  
 Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,  
 And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane.

Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight, 165  
 How unlamented were my loss of sight!

These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting vein,  
Grind ev'ry cracking bone, and pound his brain.

As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;

The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook; 170

I saw him once disgorge huge morsels raw,

Of wretches undigested in his maw.

From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he  
tore,

His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.

My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food 175

Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.

At length a sail I wafted, and aboard

My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now in return your own adventures tell,

And what, since first you put to sea, befell. 180

#### THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus----there reign'd a prince of fame  
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.

A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,

And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.

Nine days before the swelling gale we ran; 185

The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:

When now the merry mariners, to find

Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.

Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore }  
Our gallies to the Læstrigonian shore, 190 }

Whose crown, Antiphates the tyrant wore.

Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;  
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.

Two, friendly flight preserv'd; the third was  
doom'd

To be by those curst cannibals consum'd. 195

Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;

Our men they murder and destroy our fleet.

In time the wise Ulysses bore away,

And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.

The thoughts of perils past we still retain 200

And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.

Polites true, Elpenor giv'n to wine,

Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.

Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,

To Circe's fatal palace we repair. 205

### THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the spacious front, a herd we find  
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.

Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,  
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.

Within, upon a sumptuous throne of state, 210

On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantress sat.

Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,

Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.

Her maids nor mind the loom nor household  
care,

Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war. 215

But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,  
And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bow'rs, }  
With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours. }

Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye;  
So nice her art in impious pharmacy! 220

Ent'ring she greets us with a gracious look,  
And airs, that future amity bespoke.

Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;  
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.  
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply; 225  
Her pow'r we prove, and shew the sorcery.

Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;  
Our chine stiff bristles bears, and forward bends:  
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;  
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak. 230

Alone Eurylochos refus'd to taste,  
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.  
Hither Ulysses hastes, (so fates command)  
And bears the pow'rful moly in his hand;  
Unsheaths his cimeter, assaults the dame, 235  
Preserves his species, and remains the same.

The nuptial right this outrage straight attends;  
The dow'r desir'd is his transfigur'd friends.  
The incantation backward she repeats,  
Inverts her rod, and what she did, defeats. 240

And now our skin grows smooth, our shape  
upright;

Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.

With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace;  
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.  
Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay, 245  
Whilst there we waste th' unwilling hours away.  
'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;  
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown  
To passengers. A nymph of Circe's train  
The myst'ry thus attempted to explain. 250

## THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,  
Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field.  
So like he was to what you see, that still  
We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.  
'The graces in the finish'd piece, you find, 255  
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.  
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,  
Till ev'ry love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.  
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,  
And ev'ry silver sister of the flood: 260  
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those  
Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows:  
Where sedgy Anio glides thro' smiling meads,  
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds:  
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe 265  
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.

In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,  
His heart no sov'reign would obey but one.

She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,  
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line. 270

Nor did her face alone her charms confess,  
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.  
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,  
The flocks unfed seem'd list'ning on the plains;  
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend; 275  
And birds neglect their pinions, to attend;  
The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame;  
And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour  
Their hands united, as their hearts before. 280

Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,  
And each new day was dearer than the past;  
Pious would sometimes o'er the forests rove,  
And mingle sports with intervals of love.  
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd, 285  
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,  
Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,  
As simpling on the flow'ry hills she stray'd.  
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,  
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell. 290

As she attempts at words, his courser springs  
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the dame,  
If plants have pow'r, and spells be not a name.  
She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air, 295  
That sought the covert with dissembled fear.

Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way  
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the night,  
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite; 300  
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,  
Or shade the golden lustre of her sire.  
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon;  
The guard at distance, and the youth alone,  
By those fair eyes, she cries, and ev'ry grace 305  
That finish all the wonders of your face,  
O! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain,  
Nor let the Sun's soft lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,  
None can my passion with my Canens share. 310  
She first my ev'ry tender wish possest,  
And found the soft approaches to my breast.  
In nuptials blest, each loose desire we shun,  
Nor time can end, what innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to saunter out a life 315  
Of form, with that domestic drudge, a wife;  
My just revenge, dull fool, e're long shall show }  
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do : }  
Think me a woman, and a lover too.  
From dear successful spite we hope for ease, 320  
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.

Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west;  
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm exprest.



On the lost youth her magic pow'r she tries;  
 Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies. 325  
 On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still  
 The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.  
 Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;  
 Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from drisling damps now purge the  
 air, 330

The mist subsides, the settling skies are fair:  
 The court their sov'reign seek with arms in hand,  
 They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.  
 Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,  
 And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair 335 }  
 To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of  
 blood,

The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood;  
 Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,  
 Pale glaring spectres on the Æther ride; 340  
 Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their beds,  
 And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.  
 The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears  
 She sees, and sudden ev'ry limb she smears;  
 Then each of savage beasts the figure bears. 345 }

The Sun did now to western waves retire,  
 In tides to temper his bright world of fire,  
 Canens laments her royal husband's stay;  
 Ill suits fond love with absence or delay.

Where she commands, her ready people run ; 350

She wills, retracts ; bids, and forbids anon.

Restless in mind, and dying with despair,

Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.

Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance

Directs, without or sleep, or sustenance. 355

Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair ;

Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear ;

Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,

And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.

The sick'ning swan thus hangs her silver wings, 360

And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.

The long sad Canens wastes to air ; whilst fame

The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,

Above belief, the wonder, I confess. 365

Again we sail, but more disasters meet,

Foretold by Circe, to our suff'ring fleet.

Myself, unable further woes to bear,

Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

#### ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim 370 }

Had good Æneas rais'd a fun'ral flame, }

In honour of his hoary nurse's name. }

Her epitaph he fix'd ; and setting sail,

Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore, 375  
 Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow'r;  
 And sought those grateful groves, that shade the }  
 Where Tyber rolls majestic to the main, [plain, }  
 And fattens, as he runs the fair campaign. }

His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown 380 }  
 With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne : }  
 But not without a war the prize he won. }

Drawn up in bright array the battle stands :  
 Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.  
 Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share ; 385  
 And doubtful long appears the face of war.  
 Both pow'rs from neighb'ring princes seek supplies,  
 And embassies appoint for new allies.

Æneas, for relief, Evander moves ;  
 His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves. 390  
 The bold Rutulians, with an equal speed,  
 Sage Venulus dispatch to Diomede.  
 The king, late griefs revolving in his mind.  
 These reasons for neutrality assign'd.—

Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess, 395  
 My people thin, my wretched country waste;  
 An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne;  
 Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?  
 You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear;  
 Nor can I tell the tale without a tear. 400

## THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,  
And flames had finish'd, what the sword begun ;  
Pallas, incens'd, pursu'd us to the main,  
In vengeance of her violated fane.  
Alone Oilëus forc'd the Trojan maid, 405  
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.

A storm begins, the raging waves run high,  
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky ;  
Red sheets of light'ning o'er the seas are spread,  
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed. 410  
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell ;

Ev'n Priam would have pity'd, what befell.  
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main ;  
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain.  
Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat 415  
All suff'rings seas could give, or war complete.  
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed  
Still new calamities should past succeed.

Agmon, impatient through successive ills,  
With fury, Love's bright goddess thus reviles— 420  
These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent ;  
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.  
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,  
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.

The rest of Agmon's insolence complain, 425  
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.

About to answer, his blaspheming throat  
Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.  
To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,  
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings. 430  
The lower features of his face extend,  
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.  
Some more experience Agmon's destiny,  
And wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.  
These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring, 435  
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

## THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;  
Unsped the service of the common cause.  
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd  
A cave long honour'd for its awful shade. 440  
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,  
Here streams in gentle falls thro' windings stray,  
And with a passing breath cool zephyrs play.  
The goatherd god frequents the silent place,  
As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race, 445  
Till Appulus with a dishonest air,  
And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.  
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,  
Their motion mimics, but with gestic obscene.  
Loose language oft he utters; but e're long 450  
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.

Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;  
The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO  
SEA-NYMPHS.

Mean while the Latians all their pow'r prepare,  
Gainst fortune, and the foe, to push the war. 455  
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;  
But, short of succours, still contend in vain.  
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill mann'd,  
Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;  
He thought; and straight a lighted brand he bore, 460  
And fire invades, what 'scap'd the waves before.

The billows from the kindling prow retire;  
Pitch, rosin, scarwood on red wings aspire, }  
And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire. }

This, when the mother of the gods beheld, 465  
Her tow'ry crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;  
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,  
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, she said:

Cease, Turnus, and the heav'nly pow'rs respect,  
Nor dare to violate, what I protect. 470

These gallies, once fair trees on Ida stood,  
And gave their shade to each descending god,  
Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate

Allots their being no determin'd date. 475

Straight peals of thunder heav'n's high arches rend,  
The hail-stones leap, the show'rs in spouts descend.

The winds with widen'd throats the signal give,  
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.  
Now, wond'rous, as they beat the foaming flood,  
The timber softens into flesh and blood; 480  
The yards and oars new arms, and legs design;  
A trunk the hull; the slender keel, a spine;  
The prow a female face; and by degrees  
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.  
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state, 485  
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.  
The barks that beat the seas are still their care,  
Themselves remembering what of late they were;  
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,  
But smile to see Alcinous in distress. 490

Unable were those wonders to deter  
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.  
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;  
And on their courage, and their gods depend.  
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown, 495  
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.  
Venus at last beholds her godlike son  
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;  
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,  
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame. 500  
Her tow'rs, that boasted once a sov'reign sway,  
The fate of fancy'd grandeur, now betray.  
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,  
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings.



Calamities of towns distress she feigns, 505  
And oft, with woful shrieks, of war complains.

## THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,  
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate :  
And by a sure irrevocable doom,  
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome. 510  
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,  
His mother goddess thus her suit prefers.

Almighty arbiter, whose pow'rful nod  
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode ;  
To thy great progeny indulgent be, 515  
And rank the goddess-born a deity.

Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,  
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies :

Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,  
Where Juno in the shining senate sits. 520

Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels ;  
Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate seals ;  
Allots the prince of his celestial line

An Apothēosis, and rights divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause, 525

And, with her graces, Love's bright queen withdraws ;  
Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,

And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies.

Alights, where thro' the reeds Numicius strays,

And to the seas his wat'ry tribute pays. 530

The god she supplicates to wash away  
The parts more gross, and subject to decay,  
And cleanse the goddess-born from seminal allay.  
The horned flood with glad attention stands,  
Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands,  
His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,  
More pure, and nearer to ætherial mind;  
With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,  
And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.  
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,  
Shrines, festivals; and stiles him Indiges.

## THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways;  
The Alban nation, Sylvius, next obeys.  
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,  
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.  
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;  
Then Capetius the regal pow'r sustain'd.  
Next he, who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,  
And honour'd with his name the river god.  
Now haughty Remulus begun his reign,  
Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.  
Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;  
From peace endeav'ring, more than arms, re-  
To Aventinus well resign'd his throne. [nown,  
The mount, on which he rul'd, preserves his name  
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

## THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flourish'd in these days,  
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.  
In garden culture none could her excel,  
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well; 560  
Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend,  
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring stream,  
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;  
But to such joys her nurs'ry did prefer, 565  
Alone to tend her vegetable care.

A pruning hook she carry'd in her hand,  
And taught the stragglers to obey command;  
Lest the licentious, and unthrifty bough,  
The too indulgent parent should undo. 570

She shows, how stocks invite to their embrace  
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race  
To mend the salvage tint; and in its stead  
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing care, 575  
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:  
Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply  
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free  
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny; 580  
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,  
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.

Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train  
Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.  
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame; 585 }  
And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem }  
Of sword, and something else too gross to name, }  
Vertumnus too pursu'd the maid no less;  
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.  
To gain access, a thousand ways he tries; 590  
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.  
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems  
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.  
Then, from the harvest, oft the mimic swain  
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain. 595  
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,  
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.  
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews; his rod  
An angler; still so various is the god.  
Now, in a forehead-cloth, some crone he seems, 600  
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;  
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store  
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;  
Then greets her with a kiss: 'Th' unpractis'd dame  
Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame. 605  
Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine  
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.  
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,  
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the  
hand;

Or if that vine without her elm should grow, 610  
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.

Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led;  
Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.  
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,  
Nor Sparta's queen could boast such heav'nly charms.  
And if you would on woman's faith rely, 616  
None can your choice direct so well as I.

Tho' old, so much Pomona I adore,  
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.  
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires 620  
With softest wishes, and unsoil'd desires.

Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove  
The god of seasons only worth your love.  
On my assurance well you may repose;  
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows. 625

True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;  
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.  
The charms of youth, and ev'ry smiling grace  
Bloom in his features, and the god confess.

Besides, he puts on ev'ry shape at ease; 630  
But those the most, that best Pomona please.  
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;

Their likings and aversions are the same.  
Nor the fair fruit your burthen'd branches bear;  
Nor all the youthful product of the year, 635  
Could bribe his choice; your self alone can prove  
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.

Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret,  
 Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.  
 A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove  
 How Venus once reveng'd neglected love. 641

### THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd  
 Fair Anaxaretè, of Teucer's blood.  
 Not long had he beheld the royal dame,  
 Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame. 645  
 Oft did he struggle with a just despair,  
 Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.  
 But love, who flatters still his own disease,  
 Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.  
 Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there ; 650  
 And seeks her confident with sighs and pray'r.  
 Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove  
 Successless messengers in suits of love.

Now shiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,  
 And myrtle garlands on the columns rears, 655 }  
 Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.  
 The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than  
 seas,

Derides his pray'rs, insults his agonies,  
 Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain,  
 And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain. 660  
 Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,  
 He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair :

O Anaxaretè, at last forget  
The licence of a passion indiscreet.  
Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice 665  
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.  
My life, without reluctance, I resign;  
That present best can please a pride like thine.  
But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,  
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light. 670  
And you, great pow'rs, do justice to my name;  
The hours you take from life restore to fame.

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he  
The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose; [throws  
For death prepares; and, bounding from above, 675  
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.

Ere long the people gather, and the dead  
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.  
First, like some ghastly statue, she appears:  
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,  
And gives it to the pile; now as the throng 681  
Proceed in sad solemnity along,  
To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair  
Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there.  
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems; 685  
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:  
Her features without fire, her colour gone,  
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.  
In Salamis the statue still is seen,  
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.



Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,  
 O nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain.  
 So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,  
 And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.

The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain, 695  
 But then assum'd his heav'nly form again.  
 Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn.  
 As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.  
 The sight so warms the fair admiring maid, 699  
 Like snow she melts : so soon can youth persuade.  
 Consent on eager wings succeeds desire ;  
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

#### THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his son  
 Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.  
 But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r, 705  
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.  
 Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,  
 Her parent reinthron'd, the rightful lord.  
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;  
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives 710 }  
 He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.  
 The sires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,  
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.  
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,  
 Call'd the Tarpeian, it's commander's name. 715

This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,  
But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid.  
The foe on this new-bought success relies,  
And silent march, the city to surprise.  
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine, 720  
But Venus countermines the vain design;  
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,  
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,  
To send their succours; ev'ry urn they drain,  
To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain. 725  
The Naiads now more stratagems essay;  
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.  
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,  
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.  
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms, 730  
And to the war the Roman legions warms.  
The battle rages, and the field is spread  
With nothing but the dying and the dead.  
Both sides consent to treat without delay,  
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway. 735  
But Tullus by Lavinian fury slain;  
Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

## THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,  
And thus addresses heav'n's imperial throne.  
Since the inferior world is now become 740  
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,

This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,  
 Admit him to the skies, from whence he came,  
 Long hast thou promis'd an ætherial state  
 To Mars's lineage, and thy word is fate. 745

The sire that rules the thunder, with a nod  
 Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.

Soon as the pow'r armipotent survey'd  
 The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd ;  
 And leaning on his lance he mounts his car, 750  
 His fiery coursers lashing through the air.  
 Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son  
 Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne ;  
 The scales of heav'nly justice holding high,  
 With steady hand, and a discerning eye. 755  
 Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,  
 Swift as a flying shaft Rome's founder bears.  
 The parts more pure in rising are refin'd,  
 The gross and perishable lag behind.  
 His shrine in purple vestments stands in view ; 760  
 He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

#### THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddess of the nuptial bed,  
 With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead }  
 To sad Hersilia. Thus the meteor maid : }  
 Chaste relict ! in bright truth to heav'n ally'd,  
 The Sabine's glory and the sex's pride ; 766

Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love  
Of such a spouse as now resides above,  
Some respite to thy killing griefs afford;  
And if thou would'st once more behold thy lord, 770  
Retire to yon steep mount, with groves o'erspread,  
Which with an awful gloom his temples shade.

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,  
And to the bright embassadress replies :

O goddess, yet to mortal eyes unknown, 775  
But sure thy various charms confess thee one :  
O quick to Romulus thy votress bear,  
With looks of love he'll smile away my care ;  
In whate'er orb he shines, my heav'n is there. }

Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove, 780  
And up the mount Quirinal as they move,  
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,  
And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.  
Together on the bounding ray they rise,  
And shoot a gleam of light along the skies. 785  
With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,  
Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK XV.

---

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

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### THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

---

A KING is sought to guide the growing state,  
One able to support the public weight,  
And fill the throne where Romulus had sat.  
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,  
Had recommended Numa to their choice : 5  
A peaceful pious prince ; who, not content  
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent  
To cultivate his mind ; to learn the laws  
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.  
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook, 10  
And to Crotona thence his journey took.

Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's name  
Of this new colony, and whence he came.  
Then thus a senior of the place replies,  
(Well read, and curious of antiquities) 15  
'Tis said Alcides hither took his way  
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;  
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,  
He sought himself some hospitable house:  
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest, 20  
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.  
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;  
And here, he said, in time's revolving race,  
A rising town shall take his name from thee;  
Revolving time fulfill'd the prophecy: 25  
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,  
Alemon's son at Argos had his birth:  
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,  
O'ershadown'd in a dream, and thus bespoke:  
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode, 30  
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood:  
He said, and sleep forsook him and the god.  
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;  
His country laws forbad him to depart:  
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away, 35  
And the god menac'd, if he dar'd to stay.  
All day he doubted, and when night came on,  
Sleep and the same forewarning dream began:



Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er his head;  
With added curses if he disobey'd. 40

Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would con-  
At once his person, and his wealth away: [vey,  
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;  
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.

Witness there needed none of his offence; 45  
Against himself the wretch was evidence:  
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,  
To him, for whom he suffer'd thus he pray'd.

O pow'r, who hast deserv'd in heav'n a throne,  
Not giv'n, but by thy labours made thy own, 50  
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,  
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

A custom was of old, and still remains,  
Which life or death by suffrages ordains:  
White stones and black, within an urn are cast; 55  
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.

The judges to the common urn bequeath  
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;  
The box receives all black, but, pour'd from thence,  
The stones came candid forth; the hue of inno-  
Thus Alemonides his safety won, [cence. 61

Preserv'd from death by Alcumen's son:  
Then to his kinsman-god his vows he pays,  
And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas:  
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind, 65  
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;

Soft Sybaris, and all the capes that stand  
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land :  
Still doubling and still coasting, till he found  
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground; 70  
Then saw where on the margin of the flood,  
The tomb, that held the bones of Croton stood :  
Here, by the gods command, he built, and wall'd  
The place predicted ; and Crotona call'd.  
Thus fame from time to time delivers down 75  
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.  
Here dwelt the man divine, whom Samos bore,  
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,  
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear 79  
The chains, which none but servile souls will wear :  
He, tho' from heav'n remote, to heav'n could move,  
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above ;  
And penetrate, with his interior light,  
Those upper depths, which nature hid from sight :  
And what he had observ'd and learn'd from thence,  
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense. 86

The crowd with silent admiration stand,  
And heard him as they heard their gods command ;  
While he discours'd of heav'n's mysterious laws,  
The world's original, and nature's cause ; 90  
And what was god, and why the fleecy snows  
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose ;  
What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun  
The dance of planets round the radiant sun ;

If thunder was the voice of angry Jove, 95  
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant burst above :  
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,  
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.

He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,  
And argu'd well if arguments could move: 100  
O mortals, from your fellows blood abstain,  
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane :  
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,  
And planted orchards bend their willing load ; 104  
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,  
And teeming vines afford their gen'rous juice ;  
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,  
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost ;  
While kine to pails distended udders bring,  
And bees their honey redolent of spring ; 110  
While earth not only can your needs supply,  
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury ;  
A guiltless feast administers with ease,  
And without blood is prodigal to please.  
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren  
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill ; [fill ; 116  
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,  
On browse, and corn, and flow'ry meadows, feed.  
Bears, tygers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,  
Whom heav'n endu'd with principles of blood, 120  
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell  
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell ;

Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,  
And all in prey, and purple feasts delight.

O impious use! to nature's laws oppos'd, 125  
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:

Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;  
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.

'Tis then for nought, that mother earth provides  
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides, 130  
If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,

And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread:  
What else is this, but to devour our guests,  
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!

We, by destroying life, our life sustain; 135  
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on fruit,  
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.  
Then birds in airy space might safely move,  
And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove: 140  
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,  
For all was peaceful; and that peace sincere.

Whoever was the wretch, (and curs'd be he  
'That envy'd first our food's simplicity)  
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began, 145

And after forg'd the sword to murder man.  
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd  
On beasts of prey, that other beasts destroy'd,  
Or man invaded with their fangs, and paws,  
This had been justify'd by nature's laws, 150

And self-defence : But who did feasts begin  
 Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.  
 To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,  
 But not th' extended licence, to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, 155  
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

The sow, with her broad snout, for rooting up  
 Th' intrusted seed was judg'd to spoil the crop, }  
 And intercept the sweating farmer's hope : }  
 The cov'tous churl, of unforgiving kind, 160

Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd :  
 Her hunger was no plea : For that she dy'd.

The goat came next in order, to be try'd :  
 The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine : }  
 In vengeance laity and clergy join, 165 }  
 Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.

Here was, at least, some shadow of offence : }  
 The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,  
 But meek, and unresisting innocence. }

A patient, useful creature, born to bear 170  
 The warm, and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her  
 murderer ;

And daily to give down the milk she bred,  
 A tribute for the grass on which she fed.  
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,  
 And is of least advantage, when she dies. 175

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,  
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?

O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope  
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop; 179  
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd  
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field?  
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,  
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke;  
And to the hatchet yield thy husband-man,  
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began! 185  
Nor this alone! but Heav'n itself to bribe,  
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:  
First recompence with death their creatures' toil;  
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:  
The fairest victim must the pow'rs appease, 190  
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)  
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,  
With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:  
He hears the murd'rous pray'r the priest prefers,  
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears: 195  
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,  
(The fruit and product of his labours past:)  
And in the water views perhaps the knife  
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;  
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees 200  
Torn out, for priests t'inspect the gods' decrees.

From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood  
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?  
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,  
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won: 205

And when you eat the well-deserving beast,  
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feast!

Now since the god inspires me to proceed,  
Be that, whate'er th' inspiring pow'r, obey'd.

For I will sing of mighty mysteries, 210 }  
Of truths conceal'd before, from human eyes, }  
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies. }  
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere  
Of shining stars, and travel with the year.  
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height 215  
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight;  
To look from upper light, and thence survey  
Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way,  
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state  
Of future things, and trembling at their fate! 220

Those I would teach; and by right reason bring  
To think of death, as but an idle thing.  
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,  
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?  
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass, 225  
And fables of a world, that never was!  
What feels the body, when the soul expires,  
By time corrupted, or consumed by fires?  
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats  
In other forms, and only changes seats. 230

Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,  
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;



My name and lineage I remember well,  
 And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.  
 In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld 235  
 My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former  
 shield.

Then, Death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd,  
 In some new figure, and a vary'd vest :  
 'Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies ;  
 And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies, 240  
 By time, or force, or sickness dispossess,  
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast ;  
 Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,  
 And actuates those according to their kind ;  
 From tenement to tenement is toss'd, 245  
 The soul is still the same, the figure only lost :  
 And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,  
 This face assumes, and that impression leaves ;  
 Now call'd by one, now by another name ;  
 The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same :  
 So death, so call'd, can but the form deface ; 251  
 Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space,  
 To seek her fortune in some other place. }

Then let not piety be put to flight,  
 To please the taste of glutton appetite ; 255  
 But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,  
 Least from their seats your parents you expel ;  
 With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,  
 Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Typhis parting from the shore, 260  
In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,  
This let me further add, that Nature knows  
No stedfast station, but, or ebbs or flows ;  
Ever in motion ; she destroys her old,  
And casts new figures in another mould. 265  
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux, and run,  
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on.  
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay ;  
The flying hour is ever on her way :  
And as the fountain still supplies her store, 270  
The wave behind impels the wave before ;  
Thus in successive course the minutes run,  
And urge their predecessor minutes on,  
Still moving, ever new : For former things  
Are set aside, like abdicated kings : 275  
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,  
And innovates some act till then unknown :  
Darkness we see emerges into light,  
And shining suns descend to sable night ;  
Ev'n heav'n itself receives another dye, 280  
When weary'd animals in slumbers lie  
Of midnight ease : Another, when the grey  
Of morn preludes the splendor of the day.  
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,  
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye ; 285  
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,  
His ball is with the same suffusion red ;

But mounted high in his meridian race  
All bright he shines, and with a better face :  
For there pure particles of æther flow, 290  
Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,  
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.  
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less ;  
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase. 295

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,  
How the four seasons in four forms appear,  
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear? }  
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head, }  
With milky juice requiring to be fed : 300 }  
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.  
The green stem grows in stature, and in size,  
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;  
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,  
And lavishly perfumes the fields around, 305  
But no substantial nourishment receives,  
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,  
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.  
This season, as in men, is most replete 310  
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,  
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage ;  
More than mature, and tending to decay,  
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace, 316  
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face;  
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,  
The ragged fleece is thin; and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive, 320  
Some part of what was theirs before, they leave;  
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;  
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,  
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man:  
Then nature's hand (fermented as it was) 326  
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;  
And when the little man was fully form'd,  
The breathless embrio with a spirit warm'd;  
But when the mother's throcs begin to come, 330  
The creature, pent within the narrow room,  
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair  
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;  
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,  
A helpless babe, but he by instinct cries. 335  
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd  
On four feet imitates his brother beast:  
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground  
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;  
Then walks alone; a horseman now become, 340  
He rides a stick, and travels round the room.  
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,  
Strong-bon'd, and strong with nerves, in pride of  
years.

He runs with mettle his first merry stage,  
Maintains the next, abated of his rage, 345  
But manages his strength, and spares his age.  
Heavy the third, and stiff he sinks apace,  
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.  
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,  
Contemplating his former feet and hands; 350  
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,  
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,  
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees. }

So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass  
Reflected on her eyes the ruins of her face: 355  
Wond'ring, what charms her ravishers could spy,  
To force her twice, or ev'n but once t'enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,  
On things below still exercise your rage:  
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat, 360  
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which element we call, abide,  
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd:  
For this eternal world is said, of old,  
But four prolific principles to hold, 365  
Four different bodies; two to heav'n ascend,  
And other two down to the centre tend:  
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,  
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;  
Then air, because unclogg'd in empty space, 370  
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:

But weighty water, as her nature guides,  
Lies on the lap of earth; and mother earth subsides.

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,  
And into these are all resolv'd again: 375

Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more,  
The subtile dew in air begins to soar;  
Spreads, as she flies, and weary of her name  
Externates still, and changes into flame;  
Thus having by degrees perfection won, 380

Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,  
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,  
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew,  
And dew condensing, does her form forego,  
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below. 385

Thus are their figures never at a stand,  
But chang'd by nature's innovating hand;  
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,  
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be 390

Some other thing we were not formerly:

And what we call to die, is not t'appear,

Or be the thing that formerly we were.

Those very elements, which we partake

Alive, when dead some other bodies make: 395

Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;

But death on deathless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd, I grant; that nothing can  
Continue in the figure it began:

The golden age, to silver was debas'd : 403  
To copper that : our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay ;  
And that is solid earth, that once was sea :  
Seas in their turn retreating from the shore,  
Make solid land, what ocean was before ; 405  
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,  
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain-ground :  
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn  
By falling floods from high, to vallies turn,  
And crumbling still descend to level lands ; 410  
And lakes and trembling bogs are barren sands :  
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown ;  
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains opes ; and there  
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were ; 415  
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring  
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.  
So Licus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,  
But far from thence knocks out another door.  
Thus Erasinus dives ; and blind in earth 420  
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,  
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks  
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.  
So Mysus by another way is led,  
And, grown a river, now disdains his head : 425  
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,  
And the proud title of Caicus takes.



Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,  
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,  
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown; 430  
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,  
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:  
Since hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,  
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds.  
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more, 436  
But brackish lose the taste they had before.  
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,  
Once isles, but now increase the continent;  
While the Leucadian coast, main land before, 440  
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.

So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,  
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride,  
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,  
And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring sea. 445

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,  
Buris and Helice, no more are found,  
But whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and  
drown'd;

And boatmen through the chrystal water show,  
To wond'ring passengers, the walls below. 450

Near Trazen stands a hill, expos'd in air  
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:  
This once was level ground: But (strange to tell)  
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,

Lab'ring with cholic pangs, and close confin'd, 455  
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind :  
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still  
Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill ;  
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins  
Of goats are blown t'inclose the hoarded wines: 460  
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,  
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,  
Retrenching most, I will relate but few :  
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd, 465  
Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost ?  
Thrice in a day thine, Animon, change their form,  
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm :  
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown  
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon. 470  
The Thracians have a stream, if any try  
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify ;  
Whate'er it touches, it converts to stones,  
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Crathis, and Sybaris her sister flood, 475  
That slide through our Calæbrian neighbour wood,  
With gold and amber dye the shining hair  
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,  
Some change not only bodies, but the mind: 480  
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,  
Whose waters into women soften men ?

Or Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain  
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?  
Clytorian streams the love of wine expel, 485  
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)   
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood  
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;  
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)  
When mad Proëtides with charms he cur'd 490  
And pow'rful herbs, both charms, and simples cast  
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;  
Who drinks his waters, tho' with mod'rate use,  
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:  
His heels too heavy, and his head too light. 495  
Iadon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,  
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)  
By day is wholesome bev'rage; but is thought  
By night infected, and a deadly draught. 500

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,  
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:  
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)  
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;  
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd 505  
Betwixt their streights, and their collision fear'd;  
They swam, where now they sit; and firmly join'd  
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.  
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire  
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire, 510

(The veins exhausted of the liquid store :)

Time was, she cast no flames ; in time will cast no  
more :

For whether earth's an animal, and air  
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,  
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires 515  
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires ;  
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,  
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she  
makes :

Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,  
And subtile spirits find that way oppos'd, 520  
They toss up flints in air ; the flints that hide  
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,  
Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent  
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.  
Or whether sulphur catching fire, feeds on 525  
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone  
The flames no more ascend ; for earth supplies  
The fat that feeds them ; and when earth denies  
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire  
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire. 530

A race of men there are, as fame has told,  
Who shiv'ring suffer Hyperborean cold  
'Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,  
Soft feathers, to defend their naked sides they take.  
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will) 535  
Transform'd themselves to birds by magic skill ;

Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,  
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,  
That living creatures from corruption grow :      540

Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,  
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear ;  
Who, like their parents, haunt the fields and bring  
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.  
The warlike-steed is multiply'd we find,      545

To wasps, and hornets of the warrior kind.  
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide  
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,  
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles tos'd  
Refers the limbs his backward father lost :      550

And worms that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,  
Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.  
Ev'n slime begets the frogs' loquacious race :  
Short of their feet at first, in little space      554

With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,  
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,  
And waves repel : For nature gives their kind,  
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,  
When whelp'd and no determin'd figure wear.      560  
Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives  
As much of form as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode  
Crawl out unfinish'd like the maggot's brood :

Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings  
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain  
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;  
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove, 569  
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove,  
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose  
(But that from sight the surest sense he knows)  
They from th' included yolk not ambient white  
arose ?

There are, who think the marrow of a man,  
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran, 575  
When dead, the pith corrupted will become  
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things;  
But from himself the phoenix only springs :  
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame 580  
In which he burn'd, another, and the same ;  
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,  
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains :  
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,  
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears. 585  
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)  
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,  
Or trembling tops of palm ; and first he draws  
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,  
Nature's artificers ; on this the pile 590  
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the spoil

Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,  
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is  
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around [rear'd.  
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd,  
On this incumbent; till æthereal flame 596  
First catches, then consumes the costly frame:  
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;  
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant phoenix from the former springs, 600  
His father's heir, and from his tender wings  
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,  
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.  
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,  
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain; 603  
He lightens of its load the tree that bore  
His father's royal sepulchre before,  
And his own cradle: This (with pious care  
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,  
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church, 610  
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?  
Th' hyæna shows it, of a double kind,  
Varying the sexes in alternate years,  
In one begets, and in another bears. 615  
The thin camelion, fed with air, receives  
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring god  
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,



Whose urine, shed before it touches earth, 620  
Congeals in air and gives to gems their birth.  
So coral soft, and white in ocean's bed,  
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows in red.

All changing species should my song recite;  
Before I ceas'd would change the day to night.  
Nations and empires flourish and decay, 626  
By turns command, and in their turns obey;  
Time softens hardy people, time again  
Hardenes to war a soft, unwarlike train.  
Thus Troy for ten long years her foes withstood,  
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood: 631  
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,  
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd  
race,

Herself becomes a sepulchre of what she was, }  
Mycenè, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame, 635  
Are vanquish'd out of substance into name.  
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,  
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies:  
Wid'ning her bounds, and working on her way;  
E'en now she meditates imperial sway: 640  
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,  
Like moons new-born, and in her cradle strives  
To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come,  
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.

For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus 645  
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus

When Ilium now was in a sinking state,  
And he was doubtful of his future fate :  
O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,  
Troy never can be lost and thou alive. (50

Thy passage thou shalt free thro' fire and sword,  
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.

In happier fields a rising town I see,

Greater, than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be ;

And heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd  
from thee. 655 }

Sages, and chiefs, of other lineage born,

The city shall extend, extended shall adorn :

But from Iulus he must draw his breath,

By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth :

Whom heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,

And late require the precious pledge again. 661

This Helenus to great Æneas told,

Which I retain e'er since in other mould,

My soul was cloath'd ; and now rejoice to view

My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,

Rais'd by the fall, decreed by loss to gain ; 666

Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,

Apt to run riot and transgress the goal :

And therefore I conclude, whatever lies, 670

In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,

All suffer change ; and we, that are of soul

And body mix'd, are members of the whole.

Then when our sires, or grandsires, shall forsake  
The forms of men, and brutal figures take, 675

Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,  
Nor violate thy father in the beast,  
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin,  
If none of these yet there's a man within.

O spare to make a Thyestæan meal, 680  
T'inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,  
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:

What more advance can mortals make in sin  
So near perfection who with blood begin? 685

Deaf to the calf, that lies beneath the knife,  
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:  
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies

All methods to procure thy mercy tries,  
And imitates in vain thy children's cries. 690 }

Where will he stop, who feeds with household  
bread,

Then eats the poultry which before he fed?

Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,  
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.

Let goats for food their loaded udders lend, 695

And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;

But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,

And be no more ingenious to destroy.

Free as in air let birds on earth remain,

Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain. 700

Nor op'ning hounds the trembling stag affright,  
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight :  
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,  
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give, 705  
For all things have an equal right to live  
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save ;  
This only just prerogative we have :  
But nourish life with vegetable food,  
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood. 710

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,  
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,  
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own :  
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.  
O happy monarch, sent by heav'n to bless 715  
A salvage nation with soft arts of peace.  
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,  
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :  
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,  
And all the muses o'er his acts preside. 720

### THE STORY OF HIPPOLYTUS.

BY MR. CATCOTT.

Advanc'd in years he dy'd ; one common date  
His reign concluded, and his mortal state.  
Then tears plebeians, and patricians shed,  
And pious matrons wept their monarch dead.

*Volume IV.*

M

His mournful wife her sorrows to bewail, 72  
Withdrew from Rome, and sought th' Arician vale,  
Hid in thick woods she made incessant moans,  
Disturbing Cynthia's sacred rites with groans.  
How oft the nymphs, who rul'd the wood and lake,  
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!  
How oft (in vain) the son of Theseus said, 731  
Thy stormy sorrows be with patience laid;  
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone,  
Weigh others woes, and learn to bear thine own.  
Be mine an instance to assuage thy grief: 735  
Would mine were none!----yet mine may bring re-  
You've heard perhaps, in conversation told, [lief.  
What once befel Hippolytus of old;  
To death by Theseus' easy faith betray'd, 739  
And caught in snares the wicked step-dame laid.  
The wondrous tale your credit scarce may claim,  
Yet (strange to say) in me behold the same,  
Whom lustful Phædra oft had press'd in vain,  
With impious joys, my father's bed to stain;  
Till seiz'd with fear, or by revenge inspir'd 745  
She charg'd on me the crimes herself desir'd.  
Expell'd by Theseus, from his home I fled  
With heaps of curses on my guiltless head.  
Forlorn I sought Pitthæan Træzen's land,  
And drove my chariot o'er Corinthus' strand; 750  
When from the surface of the level main  
A billow rising heav'd above the plain;

Rolling, and gath'ring, till so high it swell'd,  
A mountain's height th' enormous mass excell'd;  
Then bell'wing, burst; when from the summit  
A horned bull his ample chest upheav'd. [cleav'd  
His mouth, and nostrils, storms of briny rain,  
Expiring, blew. Dread horror seiz'd my train;

I stood unmov'd. My father's cruel doom 759  
Claim'd all my soul, nor fear could find a room.

Amaz'd, awhile my trembling coursers stood  
With prick'd up ears, contemplating the flood;  
Then starting sudden from the dreadful view,  
At once, like light'ning, from the seas they flew,  
And o'er the craggy rocks the rattling chariot  
drew. 765

In vain to stop the hot-mouth'd steeds I try'd,  
And bending backwards all my strength apply'd;  
The frothy foam in driving flakes distains  
The bits, the bridles, and bedews the reins.  
But tho', as yet untam'd they run, at length 770  
Their heady rage, had tir'd beneath my strength,  
When in the spokes, a stump entangling, tore  
The shatter'd wheel, and from its axle bore.

The shock impetuous tost me from my seat,  
Caught in the reins beneath my horse's feet. 775  
My reeking guts dragg'd out alive, around [wound.  
The jagged stump, my trembling nerves were  
Then stretch'd the well-knit limbs, in pieces hal'd,  
Part stuck behind, and part the chariot trail'd;

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Then stretch'd the well-knit limbs, in pieces hal'd,

Part stuck behind, and part the chariot trail'd;

Till, midst my cracking joints, and breaking bones,  
I breath'd away my weary'd soul in groans. 781  
No part distinguish'd from the rest was found,  
But all my parts an universal wound.

Now say, self-tortur'd nymph, can you compare  
Our griefs as equal, or in justice dare? 786

I saw besides the darksome realms of woe,  
And bath'd my wounds in smoking streams below.

There I had staid, nor second life enjoy'd,  
But Pæan's son his wondrous art employ'd.  
To light rester'd, by medicinal skill, 796

In spite of fate, and rigid Pluto's will,  
Th' invidious object to preserve from view,  
A misty cloud around me Cynthia threw;  
And lest my sight should stir my foes to rage,  
She stamp'd my visage with the marks of age. 799

My former hue was chang'd, and for it shown  
A set of features, and a face unknown.

Awhile the goddess stood in doubt, or Crete,  
Or Delos' Isle, to chuse for my retreat.

Delos and Crete refus'd, this wood she chose, 800  
Bade me my former luckless name depose,  
Which kept alive the mem'ry of my woes; }

Then said, immortal life be thine; and thou,  
Hippolytus once call'd, be Virbius now.

Here then a god, but of th' inferior race, 805  
I serve my goddess, and attend her chace.

## EGERIA TRANSFORM'D TO A FOUNTAIN.

But others woes were useless to appease  
Egeria's grief, or set her mind at ease.  
Beneath the hill, all comfortless she laid,  
The dropping tears her eyes incessant shed, 810  
'Till pitying Phœbe eas'd her pious woe,  
Thaw'd to a spring, whose streams for ever flow.

The nymphs, and Virbius, like amazement fill'd,  
As seiz'd the swains who Tyrrhene furrows till'd;  
When heaving up, a clod was seen to roll, 815  
Untouch'd, self-mov'd, and big with human soul.  
The spreading mass its former shape depos'd,  
Began to shoot, and arms and legs disclos'd,  
'Till form'd a perfect man, the living mold  
Op'd its new mouth, and future truths foretold; 820  
And Tages nam'd by natives of the place,  
Taught arts prophetic to the Tuscan race.

Or such as once by Romulus was shown,  
Who saw his lance with sprouting leaves o'er-grown,  
When fix'd in earth the point began to shoot, 825  
And growing downward turn'd a fibrous root;  
While spread aloft the branching arms display'd,  
O'er wond'ring crowds, an unexpected shade.

## THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

Or as when Cippus in the current view'd  
The shooting horns that on his forehead stood, 830

His temples first he feels, and with surprize  
His touch confirms the assurance of his eyes.  
Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,  
And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs.

If this portent be prosp'rous, O decree 833  
To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me.  
An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,  
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;  
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,  
And boding fumes pronounce a mystery. 840  
Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,  
And victims with presaging signs expire,  
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,  
And views the horny honours of his head:  
Then cry'd, hail conqueror! thy call obey, 845  
Those omens I behold presage thy sway.  
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,  
And own's thy sov'reign pow'r as fate's decree.

He said—and Cippus, starting at th' event,  
Spoke in these words his pious discontent. 850

Far hence, ye gods, this execration send;  
And the great race of Romulus defend.  
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,

Then e'er the capitol should stile me lord,

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,  
Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said: 856

If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,  
Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.

Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown;  
If e'er he pass the walls, and gain the town, 860  
Your laws are forfeit, that ill-fated hour;  
And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r.  
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm  
Seiz'd the usurper, and withheld the harm.  
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be 865  
Condemn'd to all the senate can decree;  
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;  
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,  
As swelling surges breaking on the strand: 870  
Or as when gath'ring gales sweep o'er the grove,  
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.  
Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began  
To feel his fellow's brows; and find the man.  
Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries 875  
The wretch you want I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in  
thought,

All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:  
In haste with laurel wreaths his head they bind;  
Such honour to such virtue was assign'd. 880

Then thus the senate—Hear, O Cippus, hear;  
So godlike is thy tutelary care,

That since in Rome thy self forbids thy stay,  
For thy abode those acres we convey

The plough-share can surround, the labour of a day. }

In deathless records thou shalt stand inroll'd, 886  
 And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.

THE OCCASION OF ÆSCULAPIUS BEING  
 BROUGHT TO ROME.

BY MR. WELSTED.

Melodious maids of Pindus, who inspire  
 The flowing strains, and tune the vocal lyre;  
 Tradition's secrets are unlock'd to you, 890  
 Old tales revive, and ages past renew;  
 You, who can hidden causes best expound,  
 Say, whence the isle which Tiber flows around,  
 It's altars with a heav'nly stranger grac'd,  
 And in our shrines the god of physic plac'd. 895

A wasting plague infected Latium's skies;  
 Pale, bloodless looks were seen, with ghastly eyes;  
 The dire disease's marks each visage wore,  
 And the pure blood was chang'd to putrid gore:  
 In vain were human remedies apply'd: 900  
 In vain the pow'r of healing herbs was try'd,  
 Weary'd with death, they seek celestial aid,  
 And visit Phœbus in his Delphic shade;  
 In the world's centre sacred Delphos stands  
 And gives its oracles to distant lands: 905  
 Here they implore the god, with fervent vows,  
 His salutary pow'r to interpose,  
 And end a great afflicted city's woes. }  
 The holy temple sudden tremors prov'd:  
 The laurel-grove and all its quivers mov'd; 910

In hollow sounds the priestess thus began,  
And thro' each bosom thrilling horrors ran.  
' Th' assistance, Roman, which you here implore,  
' Seek from another and a nearer shore ;  
' Relief must be implor'd and succour won, 915  
' Not from Apollo, but Apollo's son ;  
' My son, to Latium born, shall bring redress :  
' Go, with good omens, and expect success.

When these clear oracles the senate knew ;  
The sacred tripod's counsels they pursue, 920  
Depute a pious and a chosen band,  
Who sail to Epidaurus' neighb'ring land :  
Before the Grecian elders when they stood,  
They pray 'em to bestow the healing god :  
' Ordain'd was he to save Ausonia's state ; 925  
' So promis'd Delphi, and unerring fate.

Opinions various their debates enlarge :  
Some plead to yield to Rome the sacred charge ;  
Others tenacious of their countries wealth, 929  
Refuse to grant the pow'r who guards its health.

While dubious they remain'd, the wasting light  
Withdrew before the growing shades of night.  
Thick darkness now obscur'd the dusky skies :  
Now, Roman, clos'd in sleep were mortal eyes,  
When health's auspicious god appears to thee, 935  
And thy glad dreams his form celestial see :  
In his left hand, a rural staff preferr'd,  
His right is seen to stroke his decent beard.



' Dismiss, said he, with mildness all divine,  
 ' Dismiss your fears ; I come and leave my shrine ;  
 ' This serpent view, that with ambitious play 941  
 ' My staff encircles, mark him ev'ry way :  
 ' His form tho' larger, nobler, I'll assume,  
 ' And chang'd as gods should be, bring aid to Rome.  
 Here fled the vision, and the vision's flight 945  
 Was follow'd by the cheerful dawn of light.

Now was the morn with blushing streaks o'er-  
 And all the starry fires of heav'n were fled ; [spread  
 The chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful care,  
 To their protector's sumptuous roofs repair, 950  
 By genuine signs implore him to express,  
 What seats he deigns to chuse, what land to bless:  
 Scarce their ascending pray'rs had reach'd the sky ;  
 I.o, the serpentine god erected high !  
 Forerunning hissings his approach confest ; 955  
 Bright shone his golden scales, and wav'd his lofty  
 crest.

The trembling altar his appearance spoke ;  
 The marble floor, and glitt'ring cieling shook ;  
 The doors were rock'd ; the statue seem'd to nod ;  
 And all the fabric own'd the present god : 960  
 His radiant chest he taught aloft to rise,  
 And round the temple cast his flaming eyes :  
 Struck with th' astonish'd crowd ; the holy priest  
 His temples with white bands of ribbon drest,  
 With rev'rent awe the pow'r divine confest: 665 }

The god! the god! he cries; all tongues be still!  
Each conscious breast devontest ardour fill!  
O beauteous! O divine! assist our cares  
And be propitious to thy vot'ries pray'rs!  
All with consenting hearts, and pious fear, 970  
The words repeat, the deity revere:  
The Romans in their holy worship join'd,  
With silent awe, and purity of mind:  
Gracious to them, his crest is seen to nod,  
And, as an earnest of his care, the god, 975  
Thrice hissing, vibrates thrice his forked tongue,  
And now the smooth decent he glides along:  
Still on the ancient seats he bends his eyes,  
In which his statue breathes, his altars rise;  
His long-lov'd shrine with kind concern he leaves,  
And to forsake th' accustom'd mansion grieves: 980  
At length, his sweeping bulk in state is borne  
Thro' the throng'd streets, which scatter'd flow'rs  
adorn.  
Thro' many a fold he winds his mazy course,  
And gains the port, and moles, which break the  
ocean's force. 985  
'Twas here he made a stand, and having view'd  
The pious train, who his last steps pursu'd,  
Seem'd to dismiss their zeal with gracious eyes,  
While gleams of pleasure in his aspect rise.  
And now the Latian vessel he ascends; 990  
Beneath the weighty god the vessel bends:

The Latins on the strand great Jove appease,  
Their cables loose, and plough the yielding seas;  
The high-rear'd serpent from the stern displays  
His gorgeous form, and the blue deep surveys;  
The ship is wafted on with gentle gales, 996  
And o'er the calm Ionian smoothly sails;  
On the sixth morn th' Italian coast they gain,  
And touch Lacinia, grac'd with Juno's fane;  
Now fair Calabria to the sight is lost, 1000  
And all the cities on her fruitful coast;  
They pass at length the rough Sicilian shore,  
The Brutian soil, rich with metallic ore,  
The famous isles where Æolus was king,  
And Pæstus blooming with eternal spring: 1005  
Minerva's cape they leave, and Capreæ's isle,  
Campania, on whose hills the vineyards smile,  
The city which Alcides' spoils adorn,  
Naples, for soft delight and pleasure born,  
Fair Stabiæ, with Cumæan sibyls seats, 1010  
And Baia's tepid baths and green retreats:  
Linternum next they reach, where balmy gums  
Distil from mastic trees and spread perfumes:  
Cajeta, from the nurse so nam'd, for whom  
With pious care Æneas rais'd a tomb, 1015  
Vulturne, whose whirlpools suck the num'rous sands,  
And Trachas, and Minturnæ's marshy lands,  
And Formiæ's coast is left, and Circe's plain,  
Which yet remembers her enchanting reign;

To Antium, last, his course the pilot guides; 1020  
Here, while the anchor'd vessel safely rides,  
(For now the ruffled deep portends a storm)  
The spiry god unfolds his spheric form,  
Thro' large indentings draws his lubric train,  
And seeks the refuge of Apollo's fane. 1025

The fane is situate on the yellow shore,  
When the sea smil'd, and the winds rag'd no more,  
He leaves his father's hospitable lands,  
And furrows, with his rattling scales, the sands  
Along the coasts; at length the ship regains, 1030  
And sails to Tiber, and Lavinum's plains.  
Here mingling crowds to meet their patron came,  
Ev'n the chaste guardians of the Vestal flame;  
From ev'ry part tumultuous they repair,  
And joyful acclamations rend the air: 1035  
Along the flow'ry banks, on either side,  
Where the tall ship floats on the swelling tide,  
Dispos'd in decent order altars rise;  
And crackling incense, as it mounts the skies,  
The air with sweets refreshes; while the knife, 1040  
Warm with the victim's blood, let's out the stream-  
ing life.

The world's great mistress, Rome, receives him  
now;

On the mast's top reclin'd he waves his brow,  
And from that height surveys the great abodes,  
And mansions, worthy of residing gods. 1045

The land, a narrow neck, itself extends,  
Round which his course the stream divided bends;  
The stream's two arms, on either side, are seen,  
Stretch'd out in equal length; the land between.  
The isle, so call'd, from hence derives its name : 1050  
'Twas here the salutary serpent came ;  
Nor sooner has he left the Latian pine,  
But he assumes again his form divine,  
And now no more the drooping city mourns,  
Joy is again restor'd, and health returns. 1055

#### THE DEIFICATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

But Æsculapius was a foreign power :  
In his own city Cæsar we adore :  
Him arms and arts alike renown beheld,  
In peace conspicuous, dreadful in the field ;  
His rapid conquests, and swift finish'd wars, 1060  
The hero justly fix'd among the stars ;  
Yet is his progeny his greatest fame :  
The son immortal makes the father's name.  
The sea-girt Britons, by his courage tam'd,  
For their high rocky cliffs, and fierceness fam'd ;  
His dreadful navies, which victorious rode 1065  
O'er Nile's affrighted waves and seven-sourc'd flood ;  
Numidia, and the spacious realms regain'd ;  
Where Cinyphis or flows, or Juba reign'd ;  
The pow'rs of titled Mithridates broke, 1070  
And Pontus added to the Roman yoke ;

Triumphal shows decreed, for conquests won,  
For conquests, which the triumphs still outshone;  
These are great deeds; yet less than to have giv'n  
The world a lord, in whom, propitious heav'n,  
When you decreed the sov'reign rule to place,  
You blest with lavish bounty human race. 1077

Now lest so great a prince might seem to rise  
Of mortal stem, his sire must reach the skies;  
The beauteous goddess that Æneas bore; 1080  
Foresaw it, and foreseeing did deplore;  
For well she knew her hero's fate was nigh,  
Devoted by conspiring arms to die.  
Trembling, and pale, to every god she cry'd,  
Behold, what deep and subtle arts are try'd, 1085  
To end the last, the only branch that springs  
From my Iulus, and the Dardan kings!  
How bent they are! how desp'rate to destroy  
All that is left me of unhappy Troy!  
Am I alone by fate ordain'd to know 1090  
Uninterrupted care, and endless woe?  
Now from Tydides' spear I feel the wound:  
Now Ilium's tow'rs the hostile flames surround:  
Troy laid in dust, my exil'd son I mourn,  
Thro' angry seas, and raging billows borne; 1095  
O'er the wide deep his wand'ring course he bends;  
Now to the sullen shades of Styx descends,  
With Turnus driven at last fierce wars to wage,  
Or rather with unpitying Juno's rage.

But why record I now my antient woes? 2000

Sense of past ills in present fears I lose ;

On me their points the impious daggers throw ;

Forbid it, gods, repel the direful blow :

If by curs'd weapons Numa's priest expires,

No longer shall ye burn, ye vestal fires. 2005

While such complainings Cypria's grief disclose ;

In each celestial breast compassion rose :

Not gods can alter fate's resistless will ;

Yet they foretold by signs th' approaching ill.

Dreadful were heard, among the clouds, alarms

Of echoing trumpets, and of clashing arms ; 2011

The sun's pale image gave so faint a light,

That the sad earth was almost veil'd in night ;

The Æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd ;

With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood?

A dusky hue the morning star o'erpread, 2016

And the moon's orb was stain'd with spots of red ;

In ev'ry place portentous shrieks were heard,

The fatal warnings of th' infernal bird ;

In ev'ry place the marble melts to tears ; 2020

While in the groves, rever'd thro' length of years,

Boding, and awful sounds the ear invade ;

And solemn music warbles thro' the shade ;

No victim can atone the impious age,

No sacrifice the wrathful gods assuage ; 2025

Dire wars and civil fury threat the state ;

And ev'ry omen points out Cæsar's fate :



Around each hallow'd shrine and sacred dome,  
Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom ;  
Their silent seats the wand'ring shades forsake, 2030  
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city shake.

Yet could not, by these prodigies, he broke  
The plotted charm, or staid the fatal stroke ;  
Their swords th' assassins in the temple draw ;  
Their murd'ring hands nor gods nor temples awe ;  
This sacred place their bloody weapons stain, 2036  
And virtue falls before the altar slain.

'Twas now fair Cypriæ, with her woes oppress'd,  
In raging anguish smote her heav'nly breast ;  
While with distracting fears the goddess try'd  
Her hero in th' etherial cloud to hide, 2041  
The cloud, which youthful Paris did conceal,  
When Menelaus urg'd the threat'ning steel !  
The cloud, which once deceiv'd Tydides' sight,  
And sav'd Æneas in th' unequal fight. 2045

When Jove—in vain, fair daughter, you essay  
To o'er-rule destiny's unconquer'd sway :  
Your doubts to banish, enter Fate's abode ;  
A privilege to heav'nly pow'rs allow'd ;  
There shall you see the records grav'd in length,  
On ir'n and solid brass, with mighty strength ; 2051  
Which heav'n's and earth's concussions shall endure ;  
Maugre all shocks, eternal, and secure :  
There on perennial adamant design'd,  
The various fortunes of your race you'll find : 2055

Well I have mark'd 'em, and will now relate  
To thee the settled laws of future fate.

He, goddess, for whose death the fates you  
blame,

Has finish'd his determin'd course with fame :  
To thee 'tis giv'n, at length that he shall shine 2060  
Among the gods and grace the woship'd shrine :

His son to all his greatness shall be heir,  
And worthily succeed to empire's care :

Our self will lead his wars, resolv'd to aid  
The brave avenger of his father's shade : 2065

To him its freedom Mutina shall owe,  
And Decius his auspicious conduct know :

His dreadful pow'rs shall shake Pharsalia's plain,  
And drench in gore Philippi's fields again;

A mighty leader in Sicilia's flood, 2070

Great Pompey's warlike son, shall be subdu'd :

Ægypt's soft queen, adorn'd with fatal charms,  
Shall mourn her soldier's unsuccessful arms :

Too late shall find, her swelling hopes were vain,  
And know, that Rome o'er Memphis still must

reign : 2075

Why name I Afric or Nile's hidden head ?

Far as both oceans roll, his pow'r shall spread :

All the known earth to him shall homage pay,

And the seas own his universal sway :

When cruel war no more disturbs mankind ; 2080

To civil studies shall he bend his mind,

With equal justice guardian laws ordain,  
And by his great example vice restrain :  
Where will his bounty or his goodness end ?  
To times unborn his gen'rous views extend; 2085  
The virtues of his heir our praise engage,  
And promise blessings to the coming age :  
Late shall he in his kindred orbs be plac'd,  
With Pylian years, and crowded honours grac'd.  
Mean time, your hero's fleeting spirit bear, 2090  
Fresh from his wounds, and change it to a star :  
So shall great Julius rites divine assume,  
And from the skies eternal smile on Rome.

This spoke ; the goddess to the senate flew :  
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,  
Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care,  
Nor left the recent soul to waste in air, 2097  
But bore it upwards to its native skies :  
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;  
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew, 2100  
And kindling, as it soar'd, a comet grew ;  
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,  
And shot behind it a long trail of light.

THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS, IN WHICH  
OVID FLOURISHED.

Thus rais'd, his glorious offspring Julius view'd,  
Beneficently great, and scatt'ring good, 2105

Deeds, that his own surpass'd, with joy beheld,  
And his large heart dilates to be excell'd.

What tho' a prince refuses to receive

The preference, which his juster subjects give;

Fame uncontroll'd, that no restraint obeys, 2110

The homage, shunn'd by modest virtue, pays,

And proves disloyal only in his praise.

Tho' great his sire, him greater we proclaim :

So Atreus yields to Ægæmnon's fame ;

Achilles so superior honours won,

2115

And Peleus must submit to Peleus' son ;

Examples yet more noble to disclose,

So Saturn was eclipsed, when Jove to empire rose :

Jove rules the heav'ns ; the earth Augustus sways ;

Each claims a monarch's, and a father's praise 2120

Celestials, who for Rome your cares employ ;

Ye gods, who guarded the remains of Troy ;

Ye native gods, here born and fix'd by fate ;

Quirinus, founder of the Roman state ;

O parent Mars, from whom Quirinus sprung ; 2125

Chaste Vesta Cæsar's household gods among,

Most sacred held ; domestic Phœbus, thou,

To whom with Vesta chaste alike we bow ;

Great guardian of the high Tarpeian rock ;

And all ye pow'rs whom poets may invoke ; 2130

O grant that day may claim our sorrows late,

When lov'd Augustus shall submit to fate

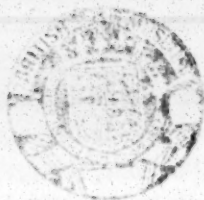
Visit those seats where gods and heroes dwell.  
And leave, in tears, the world he rul'd so well;

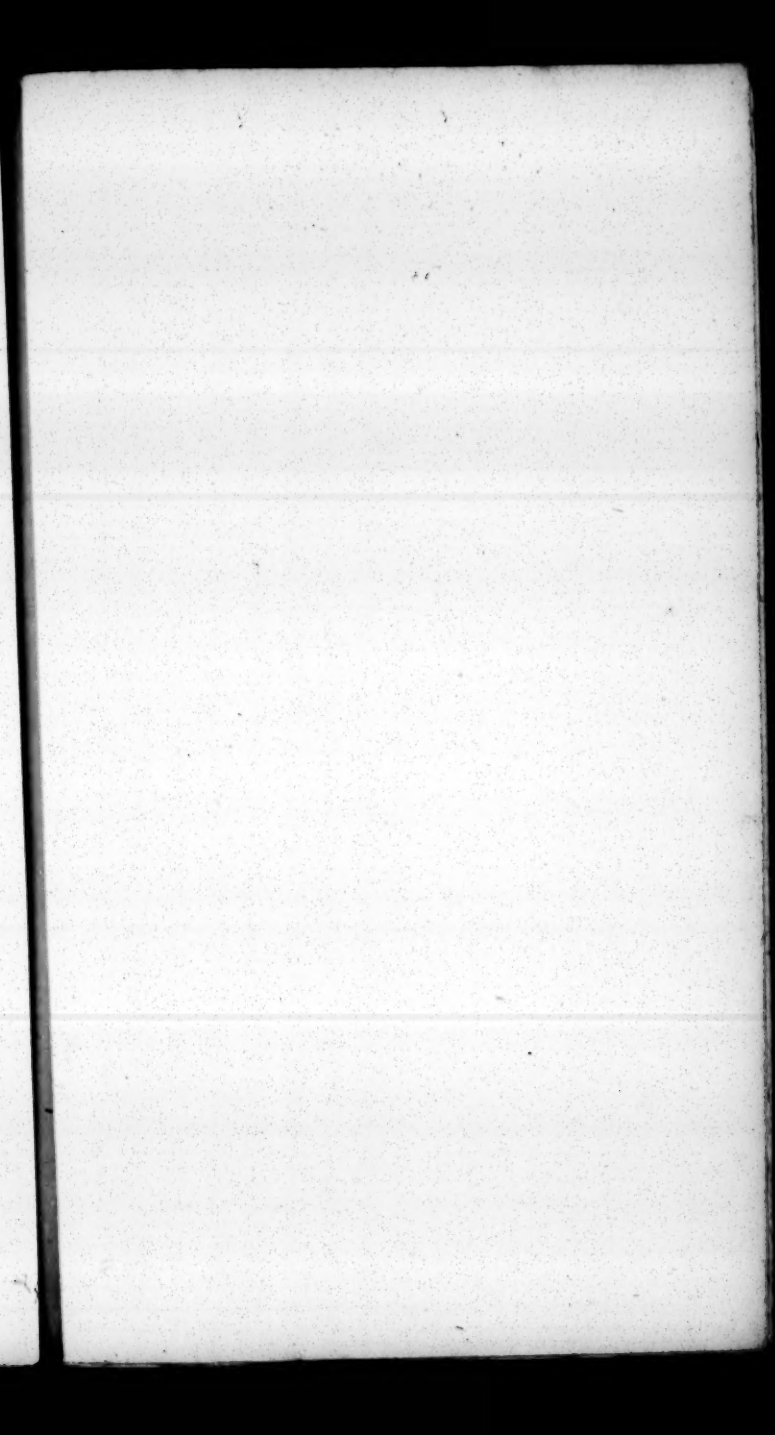
## THE POET CONCLUDES.

The work is finish'd, which nor dreads the rage  
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age : 2136  
Come, soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,  
This mortal Being only can decay ;  
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,  
And to late times, with blooming honours rise :  
Whate'er th' unbounded Roman pow'r obeys,  
Allclimes, and nations, shall record my praise:  
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine, 2143  
One half of round eternity is mine.

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F I N I S.







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